Cambria : Freeman
is Published Weekly at
EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PENNA.,
BY JAMES G. HASSON,

Guaranteed Circulation, - - - - 1,500

Subscription Rates.

One copy, 1 year, cash in advance.....$1 50
do do if not paid within 3 months. 1 75
do do if not paid within 6 months. 2 00
do do if not paid within the year.. 2 25

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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year in advance.

VOLUME XXVII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1893. NUMBER 26.

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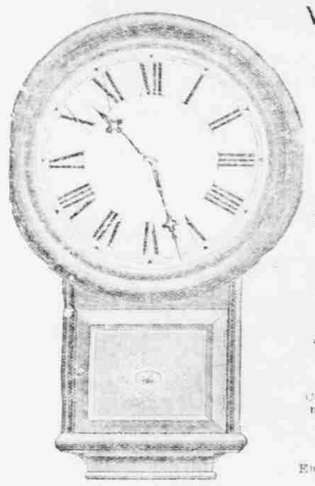

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Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885-tf.

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And a good lamp
must be simple; when it is not simple it is not good. *Simple, Beautiful, Good*—these words mean much, but to see "The Rochester" will impress the truth more forcibly. All metal, tough and seamless, and made in three pieces only, it is *absolutely safe* and *unbreakable*. Like Aladdin's of old, it is indeed a "wonderful lamp," for its marvelous light is purer and brighter than gas light, softer than electric light and more cheerful than either.

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"The Rochester."

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Ely's Cream Balm is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into the nostrils it is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head, allays inflammation, heals the sores. Sold by druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price.
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Spring Wagons, $35 to $50. Guaranteed same as sold for $50 to $80. Surreys, $70 to $100, same as sold for $100 to $150. Top Buggies at $42, fine as sold at $75. Pinetops at $75 to $100. Wagonettes, Delivery Wagons and Road Carts.
OUR HARNESS are all No. 1 Oak-tanned Leather. Single $8 to $20. Double Buggy, $18 Riding Saddles and Fly Nets at per cent. off for cash with order. 56-page illustrated Catalogue free. Address
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CENTRE STREET, EBENSBURG.

THIS well-known and long established Shaving Parlor is now located on Centre street, opposite the livery stable of O'Hara, Davis & Loth-ert, where the business will be carried on in the future. SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING AND SHAMPOOING done in the neatest and most artistic manner. Clean Towels a specialty.
☞Ladies waited on at their residences.
JAMES H. GANT,
Proprietor

CASSIDAY'S
Shaving Parlor,
EBENSBURG.

THIS well-known Shaving Parlor is located on Centre street, near the County Jail, has recently been handsomely refurnished, papered, and fitted with every modern convenience, and is one of the prettiest, neatest, and best shops in Southern Cambria. It is in charge of competent workmen who will give every attention to customers. Your patronage solicited.
ROBERT CASSIDAY.

1794. 1891.
Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
And other First Class Companies.
T. W. DICK,
AGENT FOR THE
OLD HARTFORD
FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y.
COMMENCED BUSINESS
1794.
Ebensburg, July 21, 1882.

FEES BROS.'
Shaving Parlor,
Main Street, Near Post Office

☞The undersigned desires to inform the public that they have opened a shaving par or on Main street, near the post office where barbering in all its branches will be carried on in the future. Everything neat and clean.
Your patronage solicited.
FEES BROS.

GRANDMOTHER'S BALL DRESS.

Touch it with dainty fingers, lift it with loving care;
Shake out the soft folds gently, fearing the lace may tear.
Long has it slept forgotten—grandmother's party dress,
Dreaming of balls and weddings, dreaming her old success.

Notice the flowers embroidered over the thin white skirt;
Somebody's hands were tireless, somebody's eyes were hurt.
Short in the waist—a hand's breadth yet it is figured, too,
How many stopped to notice—grandfather, say, did you?

Grandfather does not answer, portraits can only see;
Surely the dress remembers whether 'twas that night he
Danced with the girl who wore it, whispered his love and heard
Just a faint breath in answer, wonderful little word?

Look, even now this whisper flutters the film of lace,
Seen it in us the sequel to grandfather's earnest face?
That is too much to ask it; what can a wee dress know
Save that a sweet girl wore it, once in the long ago?

Bear 'ul brown-haired maiden, plenty of beaux around
Trying to win her favors, desperate when she frowned;
Beautiful eyes that sparkled, heart that was ever warm,
That is the way it knew her, bound to her tall slight form.

Prithee, sweet Juliana, weren't you a little vain,
Under the lamps a-swinging, so many beaux in train,
(Splitting your dances bravely, smoothing your dainty gown,
Knowing that it was pretty), even with beaux cast down?

Grandmother's grandchild wears it. Some one has asked a dance,
He is an old beau's grandson, seeking the beau's best chance;
After the chance is granted—ah, the old dress will dream
Still of sweet Juliana, still of an old love dream.
—Charles Robinson, in Rochester Post-Express.

MORAL: "DO NOT KISS."

That Is, Do Not Kiss Cooks Who Make Bread Puddings.

They had been talking of spiritual manifestations, haunted houses and other cheerful subjects—that is, three of them had been talking. The fourth man had smoked on steadily, his hands locked behind his head, staring into the wood fire.

Just for something to say one of the party asked: "Well, Jack, what about you? Weren't you ever haunted?"

The man they called Jack took his cigar from his mouth and, with his eyes still fixed on the fire, spake:

"Yes, I was haunted once; haunted by a woman with a bread pudding wrapped in a newspaper. I have never forgotten it. I will tell you this story because it has a moral and therein differs widely from the stories you have been telling.

"To begin with, it was all the fault of a kiss. In the days of his youth and the spring of his blood a man will kiss almost anything feminine if he gets the chance. When that sort of malady came upon me I was an under master in a large private school in the south of England. We had about sixty boys and a correspondingly large force of servants. Some of those servants were pretty and some weren't. Preeminent among those who were not was the cook. Looking back through the vista of years, I know that Cookie was homelier than a Chinese idol, but in those days the elixir Mephistopheles gave Faust got into my blood sometimes, and on one of those occasions I kissed the cook. It was a chaste salute and Cookie evidently liked it. That kiss was the beginning of many things, all of them unpleasant.

"Cookie was a good cook and the fare at that school was neither plentiful nor good. Besides a good healthy appetite I had in those days a great predilection for bread puddings. A bread pudding is something like fruit cake, only more doughy, and it touches the hungry spot better. Cookie was a great hand at those puddings and sometimes used to make me one for lunch, but after that kiss I never had to ask for lunch, for Cookie went to making bread puddings for me until I couldn't rest. I would find a cold, clammy bread pudding under my pillow when I went to bed and another would be nestling in the bureau drawer among my clean linen. Such a plethora of pudding would pall on my appetite and finally I got to firing the delicacies out of the window at the strolling cats and pugnacious sparrows.

"Well, it came to pass one evening that Cookie looked upon the beer when it foamed in the pewter and came home hilarious. The next morning Cookie got 'fired,' and I was not as sorry as I might have been, because I forsaw a puddingless rest ahead. I bade Cookie a tender farewell and accepted a last bread pudding of giant proportions which I promptly fed to the cats.

"You fellows know that in England the bartender's place is generally filled by a girl—mighty pretty girls some of them are, too. Somewhere near the bar is what, in hotels, is called the bar parlor. This is reserved for the aristocrats and other salt of the earth. Down at the little seaside place I speak of there was a nice hotel called the Red Lion, with a cozy bar parlor presided over by the prettiest girl you ever saw. We called her Miss Dee. Whether it was the excellent quality of the brown brandy or the superior attractions of that barmaid I don't know, but a lot of us used to get in there in the evenings and sit around and smoke. I was in there one night with the usual crowd, and Miss Dee was dispensing smiles and hot drinks with impartiality when she was called to the outer bar. This was separated from the parlor by a screen. Pretty soon Miss Dee came back with a rather mystified look on her face, and, coming across to me, whispered:

"'There's a person in the bar wants to see you.'

"With more misgivings than I can remember I peeped around that screen. There, in the bar, radiant with smiles stood Cookie. Under her arm she carried something wrapped in a newspaper. I knew its shape only too well. My fate had followed me. It was another bread pudding.

"I went out because I felt that if I didn't Cookie would probably bring that cold, remorseless pudding in amongst a lot of ribald fellows, but it was bitterer than quinine to see how Miss Dee looked at me. Cookie was glad to see me; very glad. She said so. She had felt that I should miss her and the bread puddings of which I was so fond, so she had made me a nice one and brought it down. What could I do with the affectionate creature? I took that horrible, squashy, repulsive bundle and carried it home quietly and without ostentation. That pudding weighed eight pounds, but the load on my heart was greater than that, for I felt that that pudding was but the precursor of many. And my fears proved true.

"There was another place in town where men were wont to congregate. It was a cigar store kept by three mighty pretty girls. One night I was sitting in there—I had forsaken the hotel for fear of another visit—when an unforgetable face was thrust through the open door and I knew that my time had come. I went out amid the audible comments of the fellows. It was another pudding and I had got to carry it home. I said some things which seemed pertinent, but they shocked Cookie. In my anxiety to get out of sight I dropped the parcel and the pudding burst into pieces. Cookie burst into tears. Then the boys came to the door of the cigar store and made remarks about 'Jack's mash.' That finished me.

"For a week I kept away both from the hotel and the cigar store. Then I went around to see Miss Dee. She didn't seem particularly glad to see me, but said she had something for me. It was a bread pudding three days old, and the grease had soaked through the news paper it was wrapped in. I carried it home.

"Needing consolation, I went down to the cigar store. There was another pudding waiting for me there and the girls were not a bit cordial about it either. I permanently forsook those two places. Then Cookie really rose to the occasion and I honestly believed she hired a baker's oven and made those puddings in batches, for she filled the town with them. She managed it so that wherever I went I found a bread pudding. She sent them by boys to the house and she left them at nearly every store in the town. By and by the tradespeople, wishing to be obliging, got to sending those parcels up to the house. That broke my spirit. I had lost all my friends; I was haunted by bread puddings all day, and at night I dreamed of them. Finally, I decided that there wasn't room in the town for both me and the puddings, so I got out quietly, intending to go to London. I had to wait for my train and went into the lunch-room to get a sandwich. My satchel, with a label on it, rested on the counter. One of the waitresses looked at the label and then said, brightly:

"'O, I've got a package here for you; a woman left it two days ago.' Then she handed out something wrapped in a newspaper.

"I thanked her—strictly in words—and I took that greasy pudding and walked sadly out.

"That night I went to France."—Chicago Tribune.

Quickly Married.

It is probable that no other important ceremony has been performed in so great a variety of ways as the marriage service. Every country and every sect has its own particular form, not to mention the widely differing formulas employed by civilians authorized to marry couples. A well-known justice of the peace in a western state when embarrassed is apt to stammer badly; he therefore prudently carries a copy of the marriage service, so that he may always have it on hand in case of emergency. On one occasion, however, he was unexpectedly called upon while spending the day in a town some distance from his home. Adjusting his spectacles, he felt first in one pocket and then in another for his invaluable little book. His search was in vain, and at last, with beads of perspiration standing out on his forehead, he exclaimed: "No—m-matter! I hereb-by de-declare you m-man and wi-wife, accordin' to the m-memorandum left in m-my other t-trousers p-pocket!" It is doubtful whether the bride and groom considered this much of a ceremony, but they made the best of it.—Youth's Companion.

A FUNNY MISTAKE.

Why the Train Men Enjoyed a Tomale Supper.

The sending of a telegram is, apparently, a very simple matter, but occasionally an evil spirit gets into the wires, and perverts the original message into a shape which causes wrath to the sender and much mirth to the looker-on, says the San Francisco News Letter. A case in point occurred a few days ago. The telegraph operator of an engineering and construction party, at work near Hartford, telegraphed to a friend of his in that town to send him a couple of lamp shades, and, being on intimate terms with the family, added his best regards to "Mollie," the friend's wife. In the cipher used on the line, "my best regards" is indicated by the words "seventy-three." The message when sent read: "Send me two lamp shades by evening train, and seventy-three to Mollie." When the dispatch was received it read: "Send me two lamp shades by evening train, and seventy-three tomales." The receiver read and re-read the message, almost doubting the evidence of his own eyes, but "seventy-three tomales" was there plain enough, and the thing was to get the required number. The resources of Hanford in the tomale line were taxed to their utmost, and that evening the brakeman carried two large boxes to the telegraph car, dropped them on the floor, and handed the astonished operator a note: "Dear X: What the —— do you want with seventy-three tomales? I send you forty-five, all I could get. Have had two women making them all day. Will send the rest to-morrow. Bill is seven dollars." The air was blue about the car for awhile, but the trainmen had a tomale supper. Now the operator has his messages repeated if he thinks there's the slightest chance of their being misconstrued.

JEWELRY FADS.

JEWELRY done in enamel and precious stones is quite the fancy of the moment.

OLD-FASHIONED rings, with precious stones in straight lines over the top, are much liked.

A NOVEL stick-pin shows a bow of ribbon in enamel with a pendant containing a fine diamond.

NEW stick-pins are in four-leaved-clover shape, a wreath of forget-me-nots, a spray of lily of the valley or a twig of mistletoe.

THE LITTLE VIOLINIST.

How He Secured Assistance for His Dying Mother.

On the outskirts of a great city in Germany there lived a poor widow and her little son. Mrs. Aurlich earned a scant livelihood with her needle, and little Berthold made himself useful by gathering wood, running errands and working in their small garden during the summer. The warm weather was a pleasant season, but in the winter when work was scarce they were often hungry.

But Berthold was not unhappy; he lived in an ideal world, a heaven of harmony. For him all nature was an orchestra; he heard music in the whisperings of the great pines in the forest behind his cottage home, in the evening zephyrs, in the tinkling streams, in the chiming of the church bells in the village near by. At night a mighty chorus of unseen minstrels lulled him to sleep.

Mrs. Aurlich's health began to fail and she was finally obliged to give up the little work she already had. One day when Berthold was absent in the forest gathering wood he was detained until quite late. He hurried home, and as he approached the cottage he saw that there was no light shining from the window.

With an anxious heart he hurried into the house and called his mother, but received no reply. He groped his way across the room through the darkness and stumbled over her, where she lay unconscious on the cold floor.

Very much alarmed, the lad knelt down and chafed her hands and sprinkled some water on her face. After awhile Mrs. Aurlich opened her eyes and, assisted by Berthold, managed to reach the bed, and for several days the lad was her only nurse.

The poor woman did not seem to improve. She needed some nourishing food and medicine, but these cannot be obtained without money. Berthold begged her to allow him to go into the village and borrow some money from a relative residing there, but this she would not consent to; she was very proud, and the relations between herself and her relatives had not been very cordial since she had become poor.

It was a very cold day; the sky was dark and threatening, and Berthold heaped the little fireplace with wood, but the heat all went up the chimney and the house was very cold.

He had only a crust of black bread for his breakfast; the last of the loaf was nearly gone and he had the last grain of chicory coffee in the pot to make a cup for his mother. There was no milk or sugar for it and when the mixture was hot he went over to the bed.

"Dear mother!" he whispered, softly.

She lay very still, her eyes closed, her hands crossed over her breast. She looked like the picture of a dead saint he had seen in the art gallery of the city which he had once visited with his father. The sick woman opened her eyes, and, smiling, began to caress his hand.

"Will you have some coffee, mother?"

To please him she assented, but when he brought it to her she could not drink it; her stomach was too weak to retain it.

"Let it rest on the table," she whispered; "it is too hot. I will drink it by and by."

The tears came to the boy's eyes, for he knew that the mixture was too strong for her and that she needed some light and nourishing food. He tucked the clothes about her and smoothed the pillow. His mother thanked him with a smile and kissed him tenderly.

"You are a good boy," she whispered.

The lad went to replenish the fire, and when this was done he saw that his mother was asleep. There was a deep flush on her face and her fingers were working nervously.

Berthold sat on a low stool before the fire in deep thought for some time; suddenly he arose and went over to a little cupboard. He took from it something covered with an old coat; this he unrolled and disclosed a violin, small and yellow with age.

He examined the strings carefully, and then placed it at his shoulder and drew the back of the bow noiselessly across the strings. Suddenly he heard a low tap at the door, and without waiting to lay aside the instrument he went and opened the door.

"Good morning, Gretchen!" he exclaimed; "come in and shut the door softly. My mother is asleep."

Gretchen, the daughter of their nearest neighbor, entered the cottage. She was about the same age as Berthold; her eyes were blue as the skies and her hair yellow as gold. In her hands she carried something wrapped up in a towel.

"What have you there?"

"Mother sent over a bowl of rabbit soup," replied the girl, "and she said I might stay over here all day and clean up the house."

"She is very good," said Berthold; "I am afraid my mother is going to die!"

Now, the lad was a manly little fellow, but he loved his mother very much, and he felt so miserable that he sat down on the stool and began to sob.

"Dear Berthold," cried Gretchen, "do not cry. The good God will spare your mother, I am sure. Do not let her see you grieving, for that will only distress her."

"You are right," said the lad, rising from the stool and brushing away the tears from his face. "Now, Gretchen, I am going to ask a favor of you."

"Of me?"

"Yes," said the lad, "it is this: I am going away for a few hours, and I want you to stay with my mother until I return."

"But where are you going?"

"Do not ask me, please. Will you stay here until I return?"

"Why, of course; but—"

"Thank you, dear Gretchen," and Berthold wrapped the violin up in the old cloth and then put on his thick jacket and fur cap.

"When my mother wakes up tell her that I am out in the forest and that you expect me home very soon. It may be late before I get home, and I will stop at your house now and tell them that you will remain with us until to-morrow."

The lad went over to his mother, but he was afraid to kiss her, as it might awaken her. He barely touched his lips to her hair, and then, after giving Gretchen a few directions about the fire, he hurried out, softly closing the door after him.

He looked back once or twice and he could see the girl's fair face in the window watching him. He waved his hand to her and hurried on. He stopped at the farmhouse where Gretchen lived and begged her parents to permit her to stay with his mother until morning. They were kind-hearted people and consented; they insisted on his drinking a bowl of milk, which was very acceptable. After thanking them he set out on his journey.

A windstorm raged violently, so that the lad could scarcely see his way, and the drifts of snow were often far above his waist. On either hand the fields stretched white with snow; the pine and fir trees which skirted the road presented curious and fantastic forms, and the bushes were like goblins with white sheets around them.

It was already quite dark when he reached the great city, although the hour was early. At first the lad was fairly bewildered with the unaccustomed noise and bustle, the crowds of people and the thousands of brilliant lights which he had never seen before.

But in order to carry out his plans successfully and reach home that night Berthold knew that he had no time to spare.

He selected a place near a public square and took the cloth from the violin. With trembling fingers he tightened and tuned the strings and then began to play.

In a very short time a crowd gathered around him, but he did not mind them in the least and played on. Two men, tall and distinguished, attracted by the sight, stopped to listen.

"What have we here, Hans?" said one.

"A wandering minstrel, Ole. Let us go nearer and have a peep."

They crossed over the street and pushed their way through the crowd. The stranger called Ole went over to the lad, and smiling down upon him asked him where he lived and why he was out so late.

In a few words the lad told the gentlemen his simple but touching story. The tall stranger stooped and took the lad up in his arms and kissed him.

"You must come with me," he said, and his face and voice were so kind that Berthold was not at all alarmed.

The two men spoke rapidly in a strange language and halted before a magnificent palace brilliant with many lights. They entered, the tallest still bearing Berthold in his arms.

They passed through an elegant corridor with wonderful pictures and thousands of lights until they came to the door of a chamber at the end. The stranger put the lad down and brushed his hair a little.

"Fear nothing," he whispered; "remember we are your friends."

They entered a magnificent apartment which was crowded with elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen. One of the company, an old, white-haired man, came forward to welcome them; the tall stranger whispered something, and Berthold could see by their looks and gestures that he was the subject of their conversation, and that the old gentleman seemed to be very much amused.

He came over to the lad and pinched his cheek. The lad noticed that his breast was covered with ribbons and stars, and he knew he must be some great prince. After a few minutes' conversation he turned to the assembled company, and in a strange language began to address them.

At this everyone became silent and the lad saw that all eyes were upon him. When the prince had ceased the tall stranger, Berthold's friend, stooped and whispered to him.

"Now, my lad, do not be afraid," he said, kindly, "play your best."

Berthold raised his violin to his neck and began to play a little song that he had composed himself. It was very simple, but sweet and touching, and thrilled every heart. When he had finished the whole company applauded, and the prince bade him play again.

After the applause had subsided the tall stranger stooped and kissed the lad, and then took the violin into his own hands, and, wonderful to relate, played Berthold's composition with variations; never was heard such ravishing sounds, and the delighted company applauded loudly.

But suddenly the lad thought of his sick mother at home and the tears came to his eyes. His tall friend noticed this, and when he questioned him the lad told him his thoughts and begged to be allowed to return home, as his mother might be anxious.

The two strangers bade the company farewell, and Berthold bowed very low. At the door of the palace a splendid sleigh was waiting and the lad explained to the driver where to go, and the city was soon left far behind.

When they arrived at the cottage the lad descended first and opened the door very softly. His mother was awake and Gretchen was sitting beside her; she sprang up with a glad cry when she saw Berthold.

"My dear boy, where have you been?" said his mother, kissing him; "and who are these gentlemen?"

"We are his friends, madam," said the one who had played the violin. "We have come to help you."

They had a long and earnest conversation with the sick woman and promised to return again on the morrow; on the table they left a letter, and when they had taken their departure the sick woman opened it and found two large banknotes. The letter begged her to accept the money and promised to give Berthold opportunities to educate his musical talents in the future, and the signatures at the bottom were those of 'Ole Bull" and "Hans Christian Andersen."—Henry Coyle, in the Dolls' Dressmaker.

Much Ado Over a Little Office.

Many amusing things occur in the annual town meetings in the smaller towns of New England, but the scramble for minor offices sometimes results in bitter hostilities. At the last town meeting in a small town in Rockingham county, in New Hampshire, the chief contest of the day was for the office of hearse driver. There were two candidates for the office, the friends of each of whom made a canvass of the town for two weeks before, and the successful candidate won by just one vote. The most amusing part of the thing is that in the town there is an average of but six deaths a year, and the hearse driver's pay is fixed at one dollar per funeral. The two candidates do not speak to each other now.

"AS DARBY SAYS TO JOAN."

"Well, now, the sun's a power o' heat!
The sap's a-running strong—
I stopped in with the boys a bit
There, an' I come along;
The cowslip swamp was budded thick
With now and then one blown—
I fetched a couple in my hat"—
As Darby says to Joan.

"We'll have the cattle out to grass
Come Pass-day, I'll be bound;
Hear how the creeters stamp and low
Soon as they smell the ground?
It's time to rake the garden off
And set a bonfire goin';
Plan out the beds to suit ye, wife"—
As Darby says to Joan.

"It seems wuth while, a day like this,
Jes' to hi' wintered thru;
I feel the sun clear to my soul,
Old as I be, I do.
Mebby it would look awk'ard-like
To get to Heaven alone;
I'd full as lives stay on a spell"—
As Darby says to Joan.

"You ain't forgot the old side porch,
Back whar the grapevine hung?
They think folks didn't court and kiss
Where me and you was young!
Jes' such another likely day
The parson made us one"—
As, hitching up his chair a bit,
Darby says to Joan.
—Dora Read Goodale, in N. Y. Independent.

A WATERLOO VETERAN.

He Was Proud of His Medal and His Son.

How fate drifted the old veteran into our little Canadian Lake Erie village I never new. Drifted him? No; he ever marched as if under the orders of his commander. Tall, thin, white-haired, close-shaven and always in knee-breeches and long stockings, he was an antique and martial figure. "Fresh whitefish," was his cry, which he delivered as if calling all the village to fall in for drill.

So impressive was his demeanor that he dignified his occupation. For years after he disappeared, the peddling of whitefish by horse and cart was regarded in that district as highly respectable. It was a glorious trade when old John Locke held the steelyards and served out the glittering fish with an air of distributing ammunition for a long day's combat.

I believe I noticed on the first day I saw him how he tapped his left breast with a proud gesture when he had done with a lot of customers and was about to march again at the head of his horse. That restored him from trade to his soldiership—he had saluted his Waterloo medal!

There, beneath his threadbare old blue coat, it lay, always felt by the heart of the hero.

"Why doesn't he wear it outside?" I once asked.

"He used to," said my father, "till Hiram Scudder, the druggist, asked him 'what he'd take for the bit of pewter.'"

"What did old John say, sir?"

"'Take for the bit of pewter!' said he, looking hard at Scudder with scorn! 'I've took better men's lives nor ever yours was for to get it, and I'd sell my own for it as quick as ever I offered it before.'

"'More fool you,' said Scudder.

"'You're nowt,' said old John, very calm and cool, 'you're nowt but walking dirt.' From that day forth he would never sell Scudder a fish; he wouldn't touch his money."

It must have been late in 1854 or early in 1855 that I first saw the medal. Going home from school on a bright winter afternoon I met old John walking very erect, without his usual fish supply. A dull, round white spot was clasped on the left breast of his coat.

"Mr. Locke," said the small boy, staring with admiration, "is that your glorious Waterloo medal?"

"You're a good little lad!"

He stooped to let me see the noble pewter.

"War's declared against Rooshia," went on the old man, "and now's right to show it. The old regiment's sailed, and my only son is with the colors."

Then he took me by the hand and led me into the village store, where the lawyer read aloud the news from the paper that the old veteran gave him. In those days there was no railway within fifty miles of us. It had chanced that some fisherman brought old John a later paper than any previously received in the village.

"Ay, but the duke is gone," said he, shaking his white head, "and it's curious to be fighting on the same side with another Boney."

All that winter and the next, all the long summer between, old John displayed his medal. When the report of Alma came his remarks on the French failure to get into the fight were severe.

"What was they ever without Boney?" he would inquire.

But a letter from his son after Inkerman changed all that.

"Half of us was killed, and the rest of us clean tired with fighting," wrote Corporal Locke. "What with a bullet through the flesh of my right leg and the fatigue of using the bayonet so long, I was like to drop.

"The Russians were coming on again as if there was no end to them, when strange drums came sounding in the mist behind us. With that we closed up and faced half-round, thinking they had outflanked us and the day was gone, so there was nothing more to do but make out to die hard, like the sons of Waterloo men. You would have been pleased to see the looks of what was left of the old regiment, father.

"Then all of a sudden a French column came up the rise out of the mist, roaring 'Vive l'Empereur!' their drums beating the charge. We gave them room, for we were too dead tired to go first. On they went like mad at the Russians, so that was the end of a hard morning's work. I was down, fainted with loss of blood, but I will soon be fit for duty again. When I came to myself there was a Frenchman pouring brandy down my throat and talking in his gibberish as kind as any Christian. Never a word will I say again them red-legged French again."

"Show me the man that would," growled old John. "It was never in them French to act cowardly. Didn't they beat all the world, except us and the duke?"

With the ending of the Crimean our village was illuminated. Rows tallow candles in every window, fireworks in a vacant field and a torchlight procession! Old John marched at its head in full regimentals, straight as a ramrod, the hero of the night.

His son had been promoted for bravery on the field, thought the old army of Wellington kept ghostly step with John Locke, while aerial drums pealed and beat with rejoicing at the new glory of English-speaking men.

After that the old man again wore his medal concealed. The Chinese war of 1857 was too contemptible to celebrate by displaying his badge of Waterloo.

Then came the dreadful tale of the Sepoy mutiny—Meerut, Delhi, Cawnpore! After the tale of Nana Sahib's massacre was read to old John he never smiled, I think.

Week after week, month after month, as hideous tidings poured rapidly in, his face became more haggard, gray and dreadful. The feeling that he was too old for use seemed to shame him. He no longer carried his head high as of yore. That his son was not marching behind Havelock with the avenging army seemed to cut the veteran sorely. Sergt. Locke had sailed with the old regiment to join Outram in Persia before the Sepoys broke loose.

"I'm feared something's gone wrong with my heart."

Months went by before we learned that the troops for Persia had been stopped on their way and thrown into India against the mutineers. At that news old John marched into the village with a prouder air than he had worn for many days. His medal was again displayed on his breast.

It was but the next month, I think, that the village lawyer stood reading aloud the account of a great Sepoy fort. The veteran entered the post office and all made way for him. The reading went on:

"The blowing open of the gate was the grandest personal e of the attack. It was perform native sappers covered by the the Sixtieth regiment and hea Lieuts. Howe and Salkeld, Smith, Carmichael, Burgess and Locke.

The lawyer paused. Every eye turned to the face of the old Waterloo soldier. He straightened up to keener attention, threw out his chest, tapped the glorious medal and so saluted the names of the brave.

"God be praised, my son was there!" he said. "Read on."

"Sergt. Carmichael, while laying the powder, was killed, and the native havildar wounded. The powder having been laid, the advance party slipped down into the ditch to allow the firing party, under Lieut. Salkeld, to do its duty.

"While trying to fire the charge he was shot through one leg and arm. He sank, but handed the match to Sergt. Burgess, who was at once shot dead. Sergt. Locke, already wounded severely in the shoulder, then seized the match and succeeded in firing the train. He fell at that moment, literally riddled with bullets."

"Read on," said old John, in a deeper voice. All forbore to look twice upon his face.

"Others of the party were falling when the mighty gate was blown to fragments, and the Oxford light infantry, under Col. Campbell, rushed into the breach."

There was a long silence in the post office till old John spoke once more.

"The Lord God be thanked for all His dealings with us. My son, Sergt. Locke, died well for England."

Nervously fingering the medal on his breast, the old soldier wheeled about and marched proudly straight down the middle of the village street to his lone y cabin.

The villagers never saw him in life again. Next day he did not appear. All refrained from intruding on his mourning. But in the evening, when the rector heard of his parishioner's loss, he walked to old John's home.

There, stretched upon his straw bed, he lay in his antique regimentals, stiller than at attention, all his medals fastened below that of Waterloo above his quiet heart.

His right hand lay on an open Bible. His face wore an expression of looking forever and ever upon Sergt. Locke and the Great Commander who takes back unto Him the heroes He fashions to sweeten the world.—Toronto Mail.

She Got Out Backwards.

An old lady traveling on the underground and finding that the train was approaching a station addressed herself to a man sitting in the farther corner of the compartment, her only fellow passenger, and said:

"Would you tell me, sir, what is the next station?"

"Bayswater, madam," was the courteous reply.

"Then would you mind, sir, when we arrive, opening the door and helping me to get out?"

"With pleasure," was the cordial assent.

"You see," the old lady went on to explain, "I am well on in years, and I have to get out slowly, and backwards; and when the porter sees me getting out he shouts: 'Look alive, ma'am!' and gives me a push in from behind—and I've been round the circle twice already."—Land and Water.

PERSONAL MENTION.

MRS. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL receives almost as many letters as her husband, and most of the letters inclose religious tracts.

JOHN REA, the only survivor of the original Christy's minstrels, celebrated the seventieth anniversary of his birth at his home in North Paterson, N. J., recently.

MRS. SARAH HAWN, the mother of seventeen children, died recently at Oakland, Ill., at the age of one hundred and five. At the time of his death, a few years ago, her husband had attained his ninety-seventh year.

MRS. JENNIE NORTHERN, of Princeton, Ky., failed to catch the measles when she was young, had an attack of that disease at the advanced age of one hundred and ten years and died a few days ago. She lived with her daughter, who is ninety years old and is now left an orphan.

Before Heads, Yes; Ladies, No.

A neat example of the royal retort courteous was that on the occasion of the king's visit to Dublin in 1821. At a court held there Lord Kinsale thought fit to air his ancient hereditary privilege of remaining covered before the sovereign. George IV., whose sense of propriety was wounded by this breach of good taste on the part of the Irish peer said to him: "My lord of Kinsale, we recognize your privilege to wear your hat in the presence of your king, but it does not appear whence you draw your authority for covering your head in the company of ladies."

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY. - - - - JUNE 30, 1893.

GENERAL NELSON H. MILES has been elected president of the Society of the Army of the Potomac.

EX-GOVERNOR ROBINSON, counsel for Miss Borden, in speaking about the trial said that about fifty cranks had written letters to him, each confessing himself to be the murderer of the Bordens.

A TORNADO, in Jefferson county, Kansas, on Wednesday week, devasted a strip of country half a mile wide and six miles long. Sixteen persons were killed, three were fatally and many others severely injured.

THE Executive Committee of the Democratic State Committee met at State headquarters in Philadelphia last Monday afternoon and decided on Tuesday, September 19, as the date and Harrisburg as the place for the meeting of the next Democratic State Convention.

Two hundred quarts of nitro-glycerine, which were being taken in a wagon to Guffey station, in Bradford county, Pa., by Andrew Muldoon, were exploded on Thursday night by the accidental overturning of the wagon. Muldoon and the two horses were literally blown to pieces.

THE fellow who got a pension for baldness has been found. He fittingly comes from the very small State of Rhode Island, and it turns out that his hair was lost by a spell of typhoid fever. If it had been shot off in battle, or even if it had fallen off from fright, he might have been forgiven.

THE first full cargo of hay ever sent from this country to Europe will be shipped to Havre in a few days per the German steamer Freiburg. Hay is worth from $40 to $50 a ton in many sections of Europe at this time, and the freight charge of $2.50 per ton cuts but a slight figure in the account.

THE maple sugar laboratory at Montpelier, VT., has just closed for the season, having weighed for inspection 4,659,762 pounds, most of which passed the test required to earn the bounty. The amount of this bounty will be about $72,500, nearly all of which goes to the raisers in Vermont. Exactly why a farmer who has a "sugar grove" should be paid a bounty by those who have not for making sugar and money out of it still remains to be shown.

HON. WILLIAM MUTCHLER Congressman from the Eighth Pennsylvania district, died early on Friday morning at his home in Easton from heart trouble, aged sixty-two years. He was taken ill about three weeks ago while on a fishing trip to Pike county, and had so far recovered that he was able to be about. A sudden change took place, and death was unexpected. He is survived by a widow and one son, Howard Mutchler, editor of the Easton *Express*.

A TERRIFFIC storm passed over Logan county, Kansas, on Wednesday. A few miles south of Oakley it assumed the proportions of a tornado, blowing down several farmhouses, stables and outbuildings. It carried a schoolhouse 50 rods and then dashed it to the ground, breaking it into kindling wood and scattering the debris a long distance. Lightning struck and killed Mr. and Mrs. George Beak four miles east of Oakley, and also struck two houses in the town. The rainfall that accompanied the storm is the greatest since the spring of 1892.

WRITING defamatory statements on a postal card and sending it through the mail is libel. William MacNair, secretary of a labor organization in New York city, provoked by something which State Senator McClelland had said in an interview, wrote to the Senator on a postal card a criticism of his statements, and asked him if he had ever done an honest day's work in his life. McNair was arrested, and Judge Benedict sentenced him to four months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of $500. MacNair's lawyer said that he was ignorant of the fact that he was committing a crime, but the Judge said that ignorance of the law was no excuse.

THE commission recently appointed by Governor Pattison to select a site and build an institution for the accommodation of the feeble-minded children of Western Pennsylvania, met in Pittsburg last Thursday and organized. The commission consists of George A. Jenks, of Brookville; Judge Heydrick of Franklin; ex-Mayor Rose, of Johnstown; Norman Hall, of Sharon, and George W. Guthrie, of Pittsburg. Judge Heydrick was made president and Mr. Hall Secretary. The commission some time after July 15 will make an examination of such sites as may in the meantime be offered. Under the law creating the commission the site selected must not be less than 500 acres nor more than 1,000 acres.

A ST. PETERSBURG, Russia, dispatch of the 21st says: While the Ancient Church of Romans at Borisoglebsk was crowded with pilgrims a panic was caused by a false alarm of fire, which had been raised by thieves in order to facilitate their operations. When the firemen arrived in answer to the tolling of an alarm by the sexton of the church, they found the door locked. Breaking it in, they witnessed a fearful sight. In the mad rush for the exit, hundreds had been knocked down and trampled on, while others had been suffocated by the pressure of the great throng of terror-stricken people. The dead bodies of 126 women and 10 men were taken from the church. Several others were killed and 20 fatally injured by leaping from windows 30 feet from the ground.

NOT since the demonetization of silver in this country by the laws of 1873, and the stoppage of free coinage in France and a limitation on the legal tender quality of silver to $10, says the Pittsburg *Post*, has the white metal received such a blow between the eyes as in the order of the British government stopping the free coinage of silver at the Indian mints. This leaves the United States and Mexico the sole great purchasers of silver bullion in the world for minting purposes. Under the Sherman law we are bound to take 54,000,000 ounces a month. India last year took 45,000,000, the two countries absorbing for coinage or storage purposes about two-thirds of the silver product of the world. The action of the British government appears to have been hurried up by the failure of the Brussels conference to do anything (Great Britain barring the way), and the indications that the Sherman law in this country would be repealed at an early day. India hitherto has been on the silver basis, and its change to a mixed or gold basis, the latter said to be certain in the future, leaves the United States "solitary and alone" with Mexico to fight the battles of the silverites. The Brussels conference will hardly meet again, as there would be no use in the face of this decision of the British government. It held the key to any solution that would strengthen the falling fortunes of silver.

The United States has been decidedly in the dumps on the silver question. Other nations have got the better of us, and the only way to get out of the bog is by the repeal of the Sherman law. The end of free coinage in India will probably make this absolutely certain at the approaching session of Congress. Since the Bland law passed in 1878, and the Sherman law of 1890, this country has coined $426,000,000 of silver, and about 130,000,000 ounces of bullion purchased under the Sherman act remain uncoined in the treasury. This bullion is worth to day less by $15,000,000 than the government paid for it. This has been a business operation not in line with the reputed shrewdness of Uncle Sam. Losing $15,000,000 in three years by speculation in silver bullion for storage purposes is a sorry record, even if it did spring from the brain of the great American financier, John Sherman with Major McKinley as his chief of staff.

A TERRIBLE marine disaster occurred near Tripoli, in the Mediteranean, on Friday last by which four hundred men were drowned. A British fleet were maneuvering when the Victoria, which flew the flag of Vice Admiral Sir Geo. Tyron, K. C. B., was run into by the British battleship Camperdown, also belonging to the Mediteranean squadron, and under the command of Captain Charles Johnstone. The Victoria had an immense hole made in her side, through which water poured in torrents. The enormous hull of the Victoria at once began to settle, and before those on board of her could cast loose their small boats she went to the bottom, carrying down with her nearly all on board.

Some of the officers and crew managed to get to a vessel, and were rescued. The first reports of disaster stated that about 200 men had been drowned, but later dispatches show that the loss of life was far greater, not less than four hundred of the officers and crew of the Victoria having gone down with their ship.

ALL crops but wheat are poor. That is the summary of a statement issued on Monday by the state board of agriculture, which was compiled from reports from all the counties. In the central part of the state the dry weather has spoiled the hay. The wheat, in straw and head, seems to be excellent. Oats have been damaged by the drought, but may pick up if the weather is cool and wet. What corn there is is good, but in every field many hills and stalks are missing. This is due to the early cold weather and the worms later on. Potatoes are slow, especially the early varieties. Bugs have eaten the tops very generally. The crop of cherries is a very irregular one. In some counties the yield will be fully up to the average, while in some cherry-producing counties, notably York, the crop will be much below an average one. The indications are favorable for a large crop of raspberries and blackberries. Insects have hurt the apple crop, and greatly lessened what should have been a big yield.

THE great Ferris wheel, a novel device for pleasure-seekers, and the heaviest mass of iron ever set in motion, which is now in operation at the World's Fair, is the offspring of the brain of a Pittsburg man. The inventor is George Washington Gale Ferris, a trained mechanic, thirty-four years old. The wheel is 250 feet in diameter, and passengers when at its top, gaze at the panorama below from an altitude of 264 feet. To the wheel are attached thirty-six cars, and 2,164 people can go around at each whirl. It is reported that the wheel has been purchased at it construction price, $210,000, by an eastern syndicate, and that after the close of the fair it will be taken down and will be set up again in or near the boardwalk at Atlantic City. Most of the stockholders in the enterprise are Pennsylvanians, and because of its novelty the wheel has become one of the most attractive features of the fair.

SURGEON GENERAL WYMAN, of the marine hospital service at Washington, referring to the outlook for cholera in the United States during the present summer, said: "We have an even chance of escaping the cholera altogether this year. Should it arrive it will certainly not become epidemic. Its non-appearance thus far proves that no germs have lived over the winter in this country as it was feared might happen. The prospect now is much better than I expected it would be at this time. However, it should not be forgotten that the disease did not reach the United States last year until August. There is plenty of time for trouble yet."

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 24, 1893. If there are any persons who believe the silly stories now going the round of the Republican press, charging that President Cleveland and the other Democratic leaders have abandoned all idea of making any radical changes in the tariff at the coming session of Congress, they would better begin to prepare themselves for a great disappointment. There has been no change in the programme mapped out by the Democratic leaders before Mr. Cleveland was inaugurated, except that caused by the financial stringency throughout the country, which has given financial reform the first place on the programme, but has by no means displaced tariff reform. Ever since President Cleveland's election he has been discussing these two reforms with every man he met who might be supposed to have practical and valuable opinions upon either, and he has lost no opportunity to obtain suggestions from those whose practical experience or special studies have made them tariff experts. A perfect tariff bill has never been prepared and probably never will be, but unless present indications are all wrong the tariff bill to be prepared this winter will be nearer perfection, from the standpoint of the Chicago platform, that any of its predecessors, and that it will be a radical change from the Mckinley law is as certain as that Congress will meet. Tariff reform and financial reform are to be the first born children of the Fifty-third Congress, the first for more than thirty years to be Democratic in both branches while a Democrat was President.

President Cleveland has not and will not attempt to say what the details of the bill for the repeal of the Sherman silver law shall be. He is satisfied that the law is a very bad one and also that Congress will promptly repeal it at the extra session. He is also satisfied that it is perfectly safe to leave it to the wisdom of Congress as to how this shall be done and what of her financial legislation shall be adopted in order to undo the bad effect of the Sherman law. In conversation with a friend this week he stated his belief that the partial polling of the members of the House and Senate by newspapers furnished no reliable basis to estimate what the vote on the question of repealing this law would be, owing to the large number of Senators and Representatives who have not declared how they will vote.

Ever since Secretary Carlisle took charge of the treasury department he has been quietly working to put a stop to the wholesale smuggling of Chinese and opium by way of Puget sound. Reports from two trusted men sent to investigate soon convinced him that a number of the Government officials whose duty it was to prevent such smuggling were in league with the smugglers. He removed a number of these men and appointed their successors, but did not make either the removals or the appointments public until this week, because of his desire to secure the necessary evidence to criminally prosecute the crooked ex-officials. Large fortunes are said to have been made by the smugglers in the last ten years, but Mr. Carlisle intends to see that no more are made while he remains in office.

Not a few Republicans, among them some Congressmen, have openly commended Judge Lochren for his vigorous efforts towards carrying out President Cleveland's idea of making the pension roll a roll of honor, and the number is bound to increase as the good effect of the new methods became more apparent. The most audacious Republican Congressman will hardly dare to go on record as criticising the present administration for dropping men from the pension rolls whose names have no right, either in law or equity, to be there, and it is only that kind who are being dropped.

As was expected, Col. Ainsworth, the contractor, the superintendent, and the engineer have been pronounced guilty of criminal negligence by the coroner's jury for having failed to take necessary precautions to prevent the accident which killed 23 men and wounded a number of others in Ford's old Theatre. They all gave bail to await the action of the grand jury. An army court of inquiry will, as soon as the grand jury acts, begin taking evidence upon which it will decide whether Col. Ainsworth shall be court-martialed or exonorated. He can only be deprived of his rank in the army by a court-martial.

MRS. Cleveland and Baby Ruth have gone to Gray Gables, on Buzzard Bay. Ruth's birthplace, while the President remains here, notwithstanding the dancing among the nineties of the thermometer, up to his eyes in work so important that he cannot leave it. He hopes to get things in such shape that he can join the family in about ten days or two weeks and remain with them long enough to assist in welcoming the expected guest. M.

Shrouded In Mystery.

WHEELING, W. VA., June 28.—One of the most sensational murder mysteries that has occurred here for a long time, is just now exciting the Bellaire, Ohio, community opposite this city. Neil McCabe, a prominent young man, was found dead by a roadside and investigation showed that he had been murdered. His sweetheart, Miss Tilly Cutshaw, who was last seen with him and, who tells a peculiar story, is now in jail charged with complicity in the murder. The girl says she was walking with McCabe and that he took suddenly ill and lay down on the ground. She says she then covered him up with his coat and left him, supposing that he soon would be all right. When she next heard of him he was dead. The impression is that the young lady knows more of the murder than she has told, and that McCabe was killed by a rival for her hand in her presence and that she is trying to shield the murderer.

Died at His Post.

CHESTER, Pa., June 27.—The fireman of a fast train on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore railroad observed to-night that the engineer did not slacken up in rounding the curve near here and clambered up into the cab to see what the trouble was and made the startling discovery that Ebenezer Craig, was dead at his post. The fireman quickly reversed the engine and brought it to a standstill in front of the Chester station. When the train stopped a few miles north of here Craig was apparently all right. He was 45 years old and had been employed on the line about four years.

Over 300 Poisoned.

ROCHESTER, N. H., June 24.—It is believed that over 300 persons were poisoned by ice cream at the High School reception last night. While no fatal results are expected to occur, still there is great excitement over the affair. The physicians have more calls than they can attend. The stores and the banks are depopulated of clerks and many of the proprietors are sick. The cream was furnished by a local confectioner, who claims that it was made in the usual manner. It will be analyzed.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Berry wins The Cowboy Race.

CHICAGO, June 27.—John Berry, riding his chestnut horse "Poison," is the winner of the cowboy race from Chadron, Neb., to this city. He reached his destination, Buffalo Bill's Wild West show, at the Worlds Fair grounds, ahead of all competitors at 6:30 o'clock this morning. He covered the last 150 miles of the distance in 24 hours. Emmett Albright was second in arriving at 11:15

The president of the Illinois Humane society, John G. Shortall, says the horses could not be in better condition. Joe Gillespie rode into the Wild West grounds at 1:31 o'clock on his horse, Billy Shaffer. Fourteen minutes later C. W. Smith arrived on his horse, Dynamite. Both men reached the city early this morning but were unaccustomed to big towns and lost their way, being unable to find the show grounds. The race was started at Chadron June 13 at 5:40 o'clock, thus making the time of the race for the leaders a few hours less than 14 days. The distance is computed to be 973 miles, but the riders claim that they rode much farther by reason of losing their way.

Collapsed Without Warning.

FT. SCOTT, Kan., June 26.—The Tremont hotel, in this city, collapsed this morning at 9:30 o'clock, without warning to 100 occupants.

At the present time it is believed that five or six persons are dead and buried in the ruins.

The house was four stories high, built of brick, and the entire east wall fell, followed by the three floors and all their load of human life and furniture. Two girls, named Ellie Coldwell, of Kincade, Kan., and Ida Morgan, have been taken from the wreck. Both are badly injured. Almond Woodward, son of the proprietor, was in the dining room when the crash came, and was carried out through the door, but was not fatally injured. He says all the occupants, with the exception of a few, have been accounted for. The east side fell out from under the mansard roof, which still hangs in the air. The west half is considered so unsafe that no one is allowed to approach it. It is surrounded by hundreds of excited citizens who insist on searching for victims, but are prevented by the police and fire department.

May withdraw Their Minister

SAN FRANCISCO, June 26.—Chinese advices by the steamer China state that at a council convened to discuss the Geary act, Prince Ching and two other members of the Yemen proposed recalling the Chinese Minister at Washington in the event of the United States Government enforcing the act.

The statement is also made that it was at one time intended that the departure of He Yang Ju for the United States should be delayed until something had been done to repeal the obnoxious clauses of the act. The instructions sent to Kou Yin at Washington were that he was to return to China on the expiration of his term without waiting for his successor.

It is said that the principal reason for the recent proclamation against the sale of American oil is the first of the retaliatory measures against everything American.

Cleveland's Plans.

WASHINGTON, June 26.—The time of President Cleveland's departure from Washington to Buzzard's Bay, Mass., has not yet been definitely set, but he will probably leave Washington during the first half of July. It is certain that he will remain at the White House another week and there is a likelihood that he will accept an invitation from Senator Camden to spend a few days fishing in West Virginia. Should Mr. Cleveland conclude to go to Gray Gables before the time set for the fishing trip, it is hardly probable he will visit Senator Camden. Rumors from Wall street that the President was contemplating issuing a proclamation calling Congress in extra session on the first of August were telegraphed here to day. They were found to be one of the same character as most of the exclusive Washington dispatches placed upon Wall street tickers, entirely destitute of truth.

An Insane Woman's Terrible Work.

Mrs. Mary Getchefsky, of Jeannette, was serving a term in the Allegheny Workhouse. A few days ago the sheriff of Westmoreland county received word that she was insane, and for him to go to the workhouse and remove her to Dixmont. The sheriff went there Friday for that purpose, but upon his arrival he found her in the throes of death, she having attempted suicide by slashing herself in the abdomen with a case knife, making a fatal wound. She is the woman who, while at the county home a few months ago, cut her new-born babe to pieces with a case knife and threw the pieces into a sewer. She was taken to jail about two years ago from Kensington, charged with attempting to poison herself and burn her house.

The Old Nag's Lay-Out.

ZANESVILLE, June 26.—David Pitman, an eccentric character living in this city since his retirement from the river with a comfortable fortune, has a horse 44 years old. He has made a practice of celebrating the birthday anniversary of the animal with a pretentious banquet, during which the horse is brought into the best room in the house and fed on all the danties that are spread before the other guests. The annual event has just been celebrated with more than usual magnificence, the guests and the horse being served with one of the finest dinners ever laid in this city, an entire day being given up to the festivities. The animal is Kentucky bred, and in its younger days was a racer of more than local celebrity.

Shot His wife and Killed Himself

OTTAWA, O., June 27.—A terrible tragedy was enacted a few miles west of this city last night, in which a husband in a fit of frenzy shot his wife and then fired a shot into his own brain, dying almost instantly. Jacob L. Lyons and his family lived in a comfortable house in Creensburg township, this county. Being of a very nervous temperament, Lyons was easily excited. Monday evening he and his wife had a dispute over a trivial matter. He flew into a passion, and shot her, then turning the gun upon himself. His wife is still alive, but it is thought will not recover. They leave a small family.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS

—Bert Palmer, of Blairsville, Pa., accidentally shot himself fatally Sunday in the bowels with a revolver.

—The locked-out lumber shovers at Tonewanda, N. Y., will go to work on Monday. The strike is all over.

Happy and content is a home with "The Rochester," a lamp with the light of the morning. Catalogues, write Rochester Lamp Co., New York.

—Several Hindoo princes are coming to the World's Fair. Among them will be the Maharajah Gulkwar of Baroda, one of the wealthiest of Eastern potentates.

—At Beaver Falls on Monday a party of men who proposed to enlarge photographs for nothing, but charge for the frames, were chased out of town by the police.

—One man was probably burned to death and two others fatally injured at a disastrous fire which occurred in the Murray and Nicholas drug and spice factory in Chicago on Friday.

—Mrs. Luther of near New Castle was attacked by a bull on Saturday and her collar bone and several ribs broken. She was saved from death by Joseph Maitland driving the bull away.

—The locomotive used at the Enterprise colliery, Shamokin, Pa., exploded on Monday morning, seriously injuring Engineer Frank Depcher. Fireman Peter Donnaway was blown down an embankment, but escaped with a few scratches. A defective fire box was the cause of the explosion.

—The prison inspectors at Reading, Pa. have decided to issue but three hundred passes to the hanging of Buccieri, to-day (Thursday), owing to the limited space in the jail yard. The sheriff was authorized to issue the cards of the admission for the city and country newspaper representatives.

—The Braddock Wire Works at Rankin shut down on Saturday evening in all departments. This suspension is indefinite. The firm says it has no orders and has no idea when it will resume. The company will make all needed repairs and some important improvements to the plant in the next month or two.

—Andrew Frey, aged 65 years, was found along a road near Beaver Falls yesterday morning with a ragged wound in his throat and all his clothing drenched in blood. He said a stranger cut his throat at that place on Tuesday morning and that he was too weak to get away. He died while being taken to the poor farm.

—Bob Jones, (colored,) tried to kill his white wife Thursday night, at Uniontown, first by beating her then pouring carbon oil on her until her clothing was saturated and setting fire to her clothes. The woman was horribly burned before the flames were put out by neighbors. Jones escaped.

—Joseph Blair, one of three wealthy bachelor farmers who lived together two miles south of Girard, Erie county, hanged himself on Sunday morning. He had not been in his right mind for some time and been closely watched. He was found dangling by a rope in the barn about 11 A. M. The family is one of the oldest in Erie county.

—The lice pest in the eastern section of Lancaster county, which has been the cause of much concern and consternation, is gradually subsiding, and will probably be wholly exterminated soon. The pest still exists in a number of houses, but fumigation with sulphur is fast driving them out, and where once exterminated they have not reappeared.

—One singular property of all animal bodies is that of maintaining within themselves an equable temperature. The blood of the Arctic explorer remains at a normal temperature though he breathes air that will freeze mercury, and in India, where the temperature of the air is 115 to 120 above zero, the temperature of the blood is still 98 degrees Fahr.

—An Australian named Boyd, who is now in the Orient, has invented a new explosive called ripplene, which the British war department refuse to have anything to do with. The Siamese government have now, it appears, offered to purchase it, and an agent left Calcutta on May 25 for Siam with a sample of the explosive to make tests before the authorities at Bangkok.

—The inhabitants of the mountainous region east of Uniontown in the vicinity of Jumonville are greatly excited over the discovery of the presence of a lion and a bear. They are supposed to be part of the escaped menagerie of Walter L. Main's show. The animals were discovered feeding on a mare and a colt they had killed belonging to a farmer. Both animals are still at large, but the citizens are hunting them in parties and expect to bring them down soon.

—Saturday morning Mrs. Mary Peyton, colored, was put on trial at Kittanning, Pa., for the murder of her husband last April. He was scalded so severely that he died ten days later. The court ruled that all testimony as to statements made by Peyton himself, prior to his death, were to be excinded. The case then failed for want of evidence against the accused, and, under instructions, a verdict of not guilty was rendered by the jury without leaving the jury box, and the prisoner was discharged.

—The Crum Creek Iron and Steel company has made an assignment. The company estimates its liabilities at $120,000 and its assets including the capital stock at $119,000, which would virtually make it solvent, but the assets include about $40,000 due the company from a former agent, which are not considered worth anything. This heavy loss and dullness of the iron trade made payments slow, and threatened suits by creditors led to an assignment. The plant which is located at Chester, Pa., will be sold.

—R. B. Hutchcraft, a wealthy commission merchant, of Paris, Ky., shot and killed his brother-in-law, Daniel Stuart, at Muirskdon, on Monday morning. Stuart's wife committed suicide last July by shooting. Before her death she wrote her brother letters alleging cruelty at the hands of her husband. Stuart endeavored on Monday morning to gain possession of the letters, threatening Hutchcraft's life and struck him with a loaded cane. Hutchcraft then drew a revolver and fired three shots with fatal results.

—A tally-ho coach in charge of Joe Pendergast left New York on Thursday for Chicago on a wager of $3,000. Horses are to be changed every 15 miles. Only 24 horses are permitted, and as they are taken out of the shafts they will be shipped by train 150 miles ahead. The entire party pledges themselves to reach Chicago in the coach, accidents or no accidents. Each man is supplied with a rubber coat in case of rain. If the rain should fail them they have three dozen quarts of champagne and five dozen bottles of whisky with them. The present coaching trip is said to be the first that will reach Chicago with only 24 horses to cover the 1,000 miles, and this alone will break all records in relay work.

Announcements.

COUNTY TREASURER.
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for County Treasurer on the Democratic ticket subject to the decision of the Democratic county convention.
JOSEPH BENGELE.
Gallitzin, Pa., May 25, 1893.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic county convention.
JOHN KIRBY.
Johnstown, June 16, 1893.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the next Democratic county convention.
BLAIR SHORT.
Lilly, May 25, 1893.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the next Democratic county convention.
PATRICK R. DILLON.
Elder township, May 19, 1893.

FOR COUNTY AUDITOR.
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination for County Auditor, subject to the decision of the Democratic county convention.
W. C. BERRY.
Wilmore, June 16, 1893.

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT WITH THE Supervisors of Washington township for the year 1892.

ADAM SMITH Supervisor.

Dr.	
To amount of duplicate	$ 532 84
To amount of license money	199 50
To amount unseated land tax	163 69
To amount of order to balance	50 84
Total	$ 946 87
Cr.	
By Auditors' exonerations	$ 10 91
By amount returned to Commissioner's	20 72
By cash paid for horse hire	126 31
By cash paid for work	346 82
By taxes worked out	199 40
By cash paid for lumber	21 75
By cash paid for tools	6 65
By 125 days services at $1.50	187 50
By commission on tax collected—$242 67 at 5 per cent	12 13
By attorney's fees paid	5 00
Total	$ 946 87

JOHN B. EDER, Supervisor.

Dr	
To amount of duplicate	$1,893 59
To amount received from ex-Supervisor Jos. Boylan	258 80
To amount of license money	189 50
To order to balance	932 98
Total	$2,274 90
Cr.	
By Auditors' exonerations	$ 21 75
By Commissioners' exonerations	4 20
By amount returned to Commissioners	67 50
By cash paid for work	850 74
By cash paid for horse hire	123 25
By amount taxes worked out	217 64
By commission on cash collected, $1,278 20 at 5 per cent	63 91
By orders redeemed	638 45
By cash paid for lumber	72 90
By 13½ days services as Supervisor at $1.50	198 7
By amount paid for tools and sharpening	6 0
By amount paid expenses to Ebensburg and hostage	8 60
By cash paid for printing	1 25
By probate and duplicate	50
Total	$2,274 90

Liabilities, as near as can be ascertained $ 375 00
Assets None.

We the undersigned Auditors, have examined the above accounts and find them as above stated.

F. P. MOYER,
ALBERT ECKENRODE,
JOHN M'TAMANY,
Auditors.

Attest:
WM. BROWN,
Clerk.
June 20, 1893.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE BOROUGH of Chest Springs
THOS. CALLAN, Collector, Treasurer and Street Commissioner. In account with the Borough of Chest Springs.

Dr.	
To amount of duplicate	$ 73 00
To license money lifted	228 00
To amount due Borough from 1892	71
Total	$301 71
Cr.	
By exonerations	$ 1 00
Street Commissioner	19 0
Orders of 1892 lifted	41 75
Money paid school board	50 00
Orders for 1893 lifted	53 00
Labor hired on streets	48 25
Work done by taxables	47 81
5 per cent. commission on $228 00	11 40
2 per cent. commission on $140	2 80
Amount of back tax handed to next supervisor	8 75
Total	$284 86
Balance due Borough from Thos. Callan	16 86
Total	$301 71

JAMES L. RANDALL, Burgess, in account with Chest Springs Borough.

Dr.	
To fines and license money	$ 9 25
To money from county	90 00
Total	$99 25
Cr.	
By repairing and furnishing lock up	$ 83 00
Balance due borough	13 30
Total	$ 99 25

Outstanding orders of borough None.
Resources $ 30 16

JNO. MCBRANN,
DR. H. SOMERVILLE,
Auditors.
June 23, 1893.

JUST RECEIVED!

—A LARGE LOT—

Boots & Shoes

—BOUGHT AT—

Sheriff's Sale!

—FROM THE STOCK OF—

W. E. SCHMERTZ & CO.,
PITTSBURG, PA.

The public invited to call. Prices away down.

JNO. LLOYD & SONS.

Bridge Letting.

SEALED Proposals will be received at the Commissioners' office in the Borough of Ebensburg, Pa., until

MONDAY, the 10th day of July, Next,
at 6 o'clock, P. M.,

for the erection of an Iron Bridge across Chest Creek, near Thomas' Mill in Elder and Chest townships, in Cambria county Bids to be separate for Masonry and Iron Superstructure. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids for the same.

Plans and specifications for Bridge can be seen at the Commissioners' office aforesaid at any time until day of letting.

JOHN KIRBY,
P. E. DILLON,
J. G. LLOYD,
Commissioners.

Attest:
GEO. C. K ZAHM,
Clerk.
Commissioners' Office, Ebensburg, Pa., June 30, 1893.-3t.

CANN'S KIDNEY CURE

Cures Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Gravel, Nervousness, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases. Known by a tired, languid feeling; Inaction of the kidneys weakens and poisons the blood, and unless cause removed you cannot have health. Cured me over five years ago of Bright's Disease and Dropsy.—Mrs. L. L. C. MILLER, Bethlehem, Pa. 1,000 other other similar testimonials. Try it. Cure guaranteed.

Cann's Kidney Cure Co.,
720 Venango street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Sold by all reliable druggists. 4.21.93

To Investors.

WHY go away from home to seek investments when you can buy Pennsylvania First Mortgage securities on the Cash or Monthly Payment plan and which will net you twenty per cent. on your money? For particulars call on or address H. A. ENGLEHART,
Aug. 5, 1892. Ebensburg, Pa.

ADMINISTRATRIX' NOTICE.
Letters of administration upon the estate of John Betz, late of Jackson township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons owing said estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement.
ANNA MARIA BETZ,
Administratrix of John Betz, late of Jackson township, deceased.
June 16, 1893-6t.

SALESMEN WANTED

To sell NURSERY STOCK. We grow all the best varieties, old and new, replace all stock that dies, and guarantee satisfaction. Highest salar or commission paid from the start. Write for terms
H. E. Hooker Co., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.
Established 1835. Incorporated 1883

H. C. COOPER, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
EBENSBURG, - - PA
Office on High street in room formerly occupied by the Western Union Telegraph Company. (jan28-93

EVERYTHING ON WHEELS.

Buggies, Wagons, Farm Machinery,

Saw Mills, Engines and Boilers.

FACTS FOR FARMERS

Oliver Invented and Gave to the World the Chilled Plow.

THE GENUINE **OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS**

MADE ONLY BY THE

Oliver Chilled Plow Works,

South Bend, Indiana,

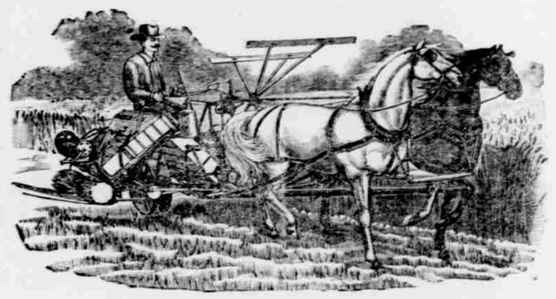
ARE THE BEST GENERAL PURPOSE PLOWS IN THE WORLD.

A strong statement but a true one, for these plows are better known, have reached a larger sale, have had a longer run, have proved more popular and given better satisfaction than any other plows on the face of the globe.

We mean the GENUINE OLIVER, and not the imitations claiming to be the Oliver, or equally as good. Such imitations are on the market, placed there by unscrupulous manufacturers who seek to trade on the good name of the OLIVER.

Look out for imitations, buy only the genuine Oliver plows and repairs, and be sure you are right before you take the plow home.

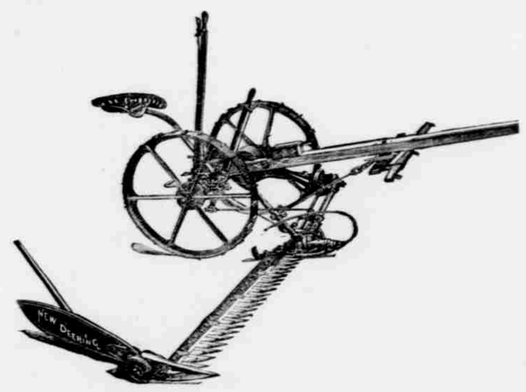
☞Once more—Beware of "bogus" Oliver plows and repairs, and take none but the genuine, made by the OLIVER CHILLED PLOW WORKS, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA.



The Deering Junior Steel Binder and Deering Pony Binder

LEADS { *IN STRENGTH; IN DURABILITY.* / *IN LIGHTNESS OF WEIGHT; IN RELIABILITY.* / *IN LIGHTNESS OF DRAFT; IN ECONOMY.*

BINDER TWINE.—The Deering Binder Twine runs more feet to the pound, is Stronger and Smoother than any Twine made.



THE DEERING MOWER.

The New Deering, Deering Giant, Junior Giant, and One-Horse Mowers have large wheels, wide tread, fine cutting apparatus, many adjustments and remarkably light draft. They are the best grass cuting machines in the world, are worth dollar for dollar when other machines are worn out.

HORSE HAY RAKES.—I Have { *ROYAL SELF DUMP.* / *TIGER SELF DUMP.* / *THOMAS HAND DUMP.* / *IMPERIAL HAND DUMP.* / *BANNER HAND DUMP.*

Prices from $17.00 to $23.00.
Send for special circulars and prices of anything in my line.

N. B. SWANK,

307 Cor. Main and Bedford Streets,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

THE BEST PLACE IN ALTOONA

TO BUY CLOTHING IS AT

JOHN McCONNELL'S

1300 ELEVENTH AVENUE.

Where you will find a complete line of Men's, Boys' and Children's Suitings in all styles and qualities.

SUMMER WEAR!

for Men and Boys, for Style and Finish can not be beat for the price Furnishing Goods, Hats and caps,

TRUNKS AND SATCHELS

in endless varieties. You are invited to call and see us when in the city and we will do you good.

JOHN McCONNELL,
ALTOONA, PENNA.

SPRING. **1893.** SPRING.

Our Spring Stock is now here. We are now ready to show the most Complete Assortment of

Men's, Boys', and Children's Clothing

Gents' Furnishing Goods

in the county. We have all the New Shades and Shapes in Hats. Our Clothing needs to be seen to be appreciated.

It will pay you to come and see us as we will save you money.

Very Respectfully Yours,

C. A. SHARBAUGH,

CARROLLTOWN, - - - PA.

EVERYBODY

READS THE FREEMAN.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - - - JUNE 30, 1893.

NO PAPER NEXT WEEK.

Next week is Fourth-of-July week and in accordance with custom there will be no FREEMAN issued.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Ebensburg's normal school closes on Friday.

—Mr. J. E. Brickley, of Spangler, was a visitor to Ebensburg on Saturday.

—Friday is the day for the special election in this place. Don't forget to vote.

—Mrs. Maggie Henry, of Houtzdale, visited friends in Ebensburg on Monday.

—A board walk has been laid in Lovel park from the driveway to the cottages.

—Mr. Silas M. Douglass, of Clearfield township, spent a few hours in town on Saturday.

—Mr. D. C. Philips is having a well drilled for water on his premises near Maple Park.

—Messrs. Brown & Kimball, liverymen in this place, lost a valuable horse by death on Friday.

—Olin Barker, who has been attending Lafayette college, at Easton, Pa., returned home on Friday.

—Mr. R. H. Thompson, of Philadelphia, has been visiting relatives and friends in this place for the past few days.

—Land owners should remember that there is a heavy penalty for allowing Canada thistles to grow on their land.

—Herman Jones, of this place, who has been at college in Millersville, Pa., the past term, returned home on Friday.

—The steam shovel working at the west end of town has crossed the pike. The cut will be completed in a couple of weeks.

—Morgan Hughes, Jr., of this place, was severely injured by the scaffolding giving away while at work plastering on Tuesday.

—Berks county farmers are disposing of their cattle to engage in sheep-raising, claiming the latter to be more profitable.

—The Ikes working on the new railroad have ordered an extra quantity of beer for the purpose of properly celebrating the Fourth.

—Two Slavs were arrested at Johnstown on Sunday and held for court to answer the charge of robbing the Arab peddler near Carrolltown last week.

—On Saturday night East Line killed three cows near Sheridan station. The cows belonged to Mrs. Dill, a widow, and the loss to her is a severe one.

—A game of ball was played at Loretto between a nine from Ebensburg and a nine from Patton which resulted in a victory for Patton by a score of 15 to 3.

—Rev. B. H. Fish, of this place, will hold two services at Spangler on Sunday next. Preaching in the afternoon at 3 o'clock and in the evening at 7:30.

—One thousand dollars was sold at the last meeting of the Ebensburg Building & Loan Association on Monday last at premiums of 21 and 21¼ per cent.

—Mr. S. L. Driggs, who is operating the steam grist mill in this place, has taken up his residence on the premises and customers will always find him on the hand.

—Agnes, daughter of Mrs. Jane and the late Squire John Cox, died at the home of her mother at Johnstown on Monday of lung trouble. She was almost 32 years of age.

—A stable belonging to John Bart in Altoona was set on fire on Sunday morning and burned down. A horse belonging to Calvin Smith, kept in the stable, was roasted in the flames.

—Mr. Daniel Gillan, a native of Blacklick township, but for the past twenty-six years a resident of Iowa, is visiting friends near his old home, where he intends remaining for about a month.

—A ten-year-old son of Isadore Oaks, of Somerhill, was kicked on the face by a horse belonging to his father one day last week while leading the animal to water. The boy's jaw bone was broken.

—At the Spangler picnic held in that place on Wednesday and Thursday of last week $1,000 was taken in, about $500 of which is clear, and is for the benefit of the new Catholic church at that place.

—Mr. Lewis Wissinger, of Conemaugh township, on Wednesday of last week celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of his birth. A large number of relatives and friends took part in the celebration.

—Mr. Dan Zahm, engineer on the branch, has in his possession a piece of rock taken from a railroad cut, a short distance west of Altoona, in which the fossil remains of a number of lizzards are plain to be seen.

—Jacob Jones and wife, of Johnstown, after being married two weeks, had an altercation at their home in that city on Sunday morning, and in the scrap Mrs. Jones affectionately bit off her husband's ear.

—During a heavy thunder-storm at Johnstown on Sunday night lightning struck the stable of W. H. Hahn at Morrellville. The stable and carriage house were destroyed, but the horses and carriages were saved.

—Messrs. O'Hara, Luther & Davis will run the Mountain House livery at Cresson this season and for that purpose on Thursday of last week transferred a lot of their stock and vehicles to that place. Mr. O'Hara will manage the business at Cresson.

—While workmen were digging a cellar in North Braddock the other day they found two cannon balls, each weighing six pounds. They are relics of the defeat of General Braddock in 1755, and will be placed in the Carnegie library at Braddock.

—Two boys at Williamsport on Tuesday discovered a box floating in the river and upon bringing it to shore and prying it open were horrified to find in it two large rattlesnakes. The snakes were fastened to the inside of the box by a string. They were speedily dispatched.

—Abram Lynch a brakeman on the Susquehanna extension of the C & C railroad while shifting cars near the Carrolltown depot, on Thursday morning, was thrown in front of a moving car and had his head cut off. He was 21 years of age. We failed to learn where his home was.

—Albert and Howard Kenzie, charged with robbing Nicholas Wade, of Johnstown, of $85 on Monday of last week, were arrested at Lancaster, their former home, on Saturday and brought back to Johnstown, where after a hearing, were held over to answer the charge at court.

—The Mountain House at Cresson was opened up for guests on Tuesday. Limited east and west will stop at that point when there are passengers to get on or off. The observation car will be run between Cresson and Altoona in the rear of Pacific Express west and Day Express east.

—The defunct Pennsylvania and West Virginia railroad, which extends from Bedford to Brooks' Mills, in Blair county, and which is graded and ready for laying the track, was sold by the sheriff on Monday for $12,100. The purchaser was Harry Cessna, who represents claims aggregating several hundred thousand dollars.

—A telegram received at this place on Wednesday evening, brought the sad intelligence that Mr. Thomas Sweeney, a brother of Mrs. H. J. Crouse, of this place, was killed by the cars at Blairsville, on Wednesday about noon. He was about 49 years of age.

—There was a meeting of the members of the Fifty-fourth regiment Pennsylvania volunteers at the Somerset House, Somerset, on Tuesday night for the purpose of arranging for the annual reunion of the regiment, which is to be held at Somerset on September 19.

—A summer sojourner in Ebensburg has declared eternal hostility to cows and has had several impounded for tresspassing on his premises. The people of the west end are discussing the advisability of combining together and employing a cowboy to round up their stock every night.

—Charles Melville, for many years the most famous circus rider of this continent (now 72 years of age,) has lately visited his old home at Whisky Springs, near Johnstown. Although he once drew a salary of $500 a week, he is now penniless and on his way to the Soldier's Home at Erie.

—It is said that the next meeting of the Farmer's Institute for this county will be held on the Pringledale camp meeting ground at Wilmore and that location is favorably looked upon by both Hon. J. J. Thomas and Hon. J. C. Stineman. What's the matter with Ebensburg, the county seat.

—The first wreck on the Susquehanna branch railroad occurred on Saturday, caused by the breaking down of a freight car on the horse-shoe curve nearly opposite the Carrolltown depot. The car was thrown across the track, but the passenger car in the rear kept the track and none of the passengers were injured.

—Landlord Craver, of the Blair House, has the appearance of having gone through a prize fight and coming out second best. He has several cuts and bruises on his head but they are not due however to an encounter in the prize ring, but to his bar keeper having let a beer keg fall down on him while in the act of getting it out of the ice house one day last week.

—Six new pattern class P passenger engines are now being built at the Juniata shops in Altoona. These engines have seventy-eight-inch driving wheels, and are to be used in the service between New York and Washington. They are to be faster than anything now in use on the Pennsylvania lines. The first one, it is expect, will be finished this week.

—Frank Loadman, of Walston, near Punxsutawney, committed suicide on Sunday by blowing his brains out with a shot-gun. Loadman had been placed under arrest for stealing tools from the mines and had asked permission to go up stairs and change his clothing. The constable permitted him to do so and a few minutes later the report of a gun was heard.

—The general store of Klinefelter & McFeaters at Conemaugh was entered by burglars at an early hour on Saturday morning, who broke open the safe, getting about $53 in money and taking about $100 worth of goods from the store. Entrance was effected by prying open the rear door of the store with tools taken from the blacksmith shop of Mr. McCartney, in the same place.

—The Blair county commissioners have disallowed the claims of the several aldermen, justices of the peace, and constables of the county for increased fees under the fee bill passed by the late legislature. The reason for their refusal to pay is the constitutional provision that prescribes that the salary or emoluments of any public officer shall not be increased or diminished after his election or appointment.

—Saturday being pay-day for the men employed on the railroad extension at Lockport, a man named Ward went to Johnstown to receive his wages. While returning home late Saturday night, he, by some means, fell from the train near New Florence and was cut in twain by the wheels which passed over his body. Ward was a stone mason and had been working on the new railroad bridge at Lockport.

—Last Thursday Joseph Horajak died at his home in the Ninth ward, he having been sick but a short time. Saturday Joseph was buried with much honor, the Austrian Musical Society, of which he was a member, turning out to the funeral in a body. About the time of his funeral his brother Adolf had an attack of something like a paralytic stroke, and he too died, passing away yesterday afternoon.—*Johnstown Herald.*

—Harry Davis a carpenter of Dysart, who has been working on the Logan Valley Electric Railway, running from Hollidaysburg to Altoona, on Thursday evening of last week went to Hollidaysburg for the purpose of getting his marriage license, intending to be married the next day. In attempting to board a car while in motion he lost his hold and was thrown under the wheels, when both his legs were cut off and his head and body badly cut and lacerated.

—On Sunday night the little mining town of Export, ten miles north of Greensburg, was the scene of drunken riot among the Italian miners who are employed there, during which one of their number, named Harry Antonio, was shot in the body three times by a fellow countryman named Verazzani, who as soon as the shooting was done, fled to the woods and has, it is thought, skipped the country. Physicians were immediately summoned, but have only slight hopes for the injured man's recovery.

—When Governor Pattison was in Cambria county the other day an enthusiastic Democrat cheered him as the next president. This is the view which it is understood the governor himself takes of the politica' future, although there is a pretty general Democratic opinion that as he will be out of office when the next presidential nomination is made he missed his chance last year. He could have had the Democratic nomination then with the Pennsylvania delegation supporting him.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—There is rough land on almost all our farms where it would pay better to plant nuts both for the timber and for the nuts for the market than anything else. A large farm with these trees set on the roadside, perhaps thirty feet from the centre of the road and twenty-five feet apart, would sell enough nuts annually to pay the taxes and leave a surplus for each picker sufficient to pay for the picking. Just why farmers should neglect to properly care for such trees and suffer loss thereby is hard to understand.

—An aged man named James Kelly, who resided with his son-in-law, Jacob Young, on Sherman street, Johnstown, wandered away on Wednesday of last week and was missing for several days, while his friends were anxiously hunting for him. He was found on Monday at the Almshouse, where he had been taken from South Fork on Friday. Mr. Kelly had wandered up to South Fork where he was found walking aimlessly about, and being unable to give an intelligent account of himself, was sent to the Almshouse.

—William Berkey, of East Conemaugh, a son of George W. Berkey, met with a very serious accident yesterday afternoon about 3 o'clock. The boy who is only 9 years old, was stealing a ride on a freight train. When a short distance above that place the lad attempted to jump from the moving train, when by some means he fell under the cars. The wheels did not catch him and his injuries consisted of several bruises and scratches caused by his coming in contact with the brake gearing of the cars. It is remarkable that he escaped with his life.—*Johnstown Democrat.*

—Mr. Daniel Shuman, a former resident of Jackson township, who last fall pulled up stakes, went west and settled in Dawson county, Nebraska, where he bought a farm, returned with his family on Friday last, having come to the conclusion that there is no better place to live in than Pennsylvania. Mr. Shuman got a chance to sell his farm in Nebraska, took the opportunity and is now going to settle down again in old Cambria.

—United States District Attorney McCandless last week obtained from Judge Buffington, of the United States District Court at Pittsburg, a rule on Thomas M. Oaks, sheriff of Huntington county, to show cause why he should not appear and stand trial for contempt of court in allowing J. W. Ellwood, the postoffice burglar, to escape. Ellwood is the man arrested for robbing postoffices and who escaped from the Huntington jail recently. In the petition asking for the rule on the sheriff, Ellwood's arrest, escape, etc., are detailed by Marshal Harrah.

—The dwelling house of James Knabb, of Cherryhill township, was struck by lightning during the storm on Sunday night last. The family were in bed at the time and all were more or less shocked. The greatest charge entered the room where Mr. Knabb and wife were sleeping and set the carpet on fire. Mr. Knabb recovered in time to extinguish the flames. But even then the troubles of the family were not completed. After they had got over the fright caused by the lightning, a heavy gust of wind came along and blew the roof off the building. The interior of the house was flooded and much damage was the result.—*Indiana Messenger.*

—"Bill" Pritts, the crafty moonshiner who for the past 15 months has successfully eluded capture in the mountains of Somerset county, was shot through the left arm on Monday morning by "Roll" Hochstetler, a son of Pritt's murdered victim, Jonathan Hochstetler. Constable Foresprung, of Trent, accompanied by three men, two of them sons of Jonathan Hochstetler, went to Pritts' home, where they found him, and when he started to run, shot him in the arm. Pritts surrendered and was taken to his home, but before a physician arrived to dress the wound one of his nephews appeared on the scene and put his uncle's captors to rout. The old moonshiner's arm was broken by the bullet that pierced his elbow.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, June 28, 1893:

William Tross and Mary Shaffer, Johnstown.

Levi Saylor and Katie Keafer, Upper Yoder township.

John K. Boles and Annie McColley, Johnstown.

Francis Chappel and Della Walker, South Fork.

Charles Jones, Chicago, Ill., and Lena Thomas, Johnstown.

M. H. Bash and Mabel M. Snowden, Conemaugh.

Thomas D. Heisel and Della Hiner, Morrellvelle.

Mirie Lirio and Mario Geordino, Hastings.

Stephen Mlinaresan and Amalia Caspur, Johnstown.

Michael Drass, Chest township, and Grace Myers, Blain City, Pa.

Schuyler C. Davis and Minnie Stough, Ebensburg.

Victor H. Nelson, Johnstown, and Edella Davis, Ebensburg.

Samuel H. Fyock, Stonycreek township, and Catharine Gilliman, Richland township.

Jordan D. Ripple and Olive M. Plotts, Johnstown.

Gilbert Williams and Mary Jane Anderderson, Cambria township.

Edward McMann and Kasiah Bowser, West Taylor township.

Henry Augustin Illig, Carroll township, and Annie Elizabeth Crouse, Ebensburg.

Curtis R. McDowell, Fast Conemaugh, and Lizzie C. Reed, Blacklick township.

James W. Sheridan, Cassandra, and Mary Smith, Portage.

Abram Lee and Maria Heilman, Johnstown.

Bert H. Waters and Minnie Harris, Johnstown.

The Carrolltown Murder.

Anthony Kauffman, the Slav who was found near Carrolltown on Thursday morning brutally beaten and his companion, John Clemire, near by dead, was brought to the Almshouse the same evening. Kauffman has his left arm broken and has a number of bruises and cuts on his head, but is getting along well and will recover.

The names of three of the murderers as given by Kauffman are Mike McHoliskie, John Stice and Nicholas Pruskur, alias Summers, while the name of the fourth is unknown. One of them is a heavy-set, short man, with a black mustache and wore a dark blue cap; another of them is five feet ten inches tall and weighs about 160 pounds. The other two are of medium size, all Slavs or Huns.

Up to this time they have not been apprehended and the chances are that they will go unpunished. It is reported that the county commissioners have offered a reward of $100 for the capture of the murderers, but if they have they are evidently trying to keep it quiet, as we have seen no public notice of any reward being offered.

Delightful Tours.

July 11th and 25th, August 8th and 23d are the dates selected for this series of personally-conducted tours to the North. Watkins Glen, Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Montreal, Au Sable Chasm, Lakes Champlain and George, and Saratoga are among the many attractive places to be visited.

The rate of $90.00 applies from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, and correspondingly low rates from other points. This rate includes every item of necessary expenses during the entire time of fourteen days spent on the trips, and is remarkably low considering the large territory covered and the luxurious entertainment afforded at the different places.

For detailed information address George W. Boyd, assistant general passenger agent, Philadelphia, or apply to nearest passenger or ticket agent, Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

Springer's Escape.

Springer escaped unaided, and more than that was re-captured at Braddock by Warden Young and served his term out.—*Mountaineer.*

That is the first line in any paper in Cambria county that tells how Springer escaped, and we are glad to hear that he got out unaided. His escape was kept quiet and while it was generally supposed that Mr. Springer was behind the bars it was accidentally discovered that he was not there. It was then given out that he escaped some time previously. His escape was a little mysterious, and he would have been a mighty mean man if he had not allowed himself to be recaptured.

Snake-bitten.

A young man who resides in Cambria county came to town on Saturday evening at a lively rate of speed behind his horse. The gentleman was carrying his thumb pointed upward. Everyone he met he informed he had been snake-bitten. After being in town a few minutes he was induced to counteract the poison by taking a dose of poison, which he did, and on his return home he had on board a very big jag of bug-juice poison. Of course that would bring him through all right. It required a man to hold him in the buggy after he got poisoned in town.—*Coalport Standard.*

Correspondence.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., June 26, 1893.

Editor Cambria Freeman:

SIR:—Thinking that a brief sketch of some of Michigan's summer resorts would be interesting to the readers of the FREEMAN, I send this hoping it will not lose its way and wander to the waste basket.

Of the inland states in the Union, Michigan is far in advance in the way of pleasant summer resorts. The numerous bays and lakes, dotting the surface of the state, afford unexcelled facilities to pleasure seekers. In the northern part especially, nature has been very lavish in this respect, and along the coast of Lake Michigan are numerous watering places. The principal one in proximity to Grand Rapids, is Ottawa Beach, about 35 miles southwest.

On the 18th inst., I, with a number of others, took advantage of the first excursion of the season to the above named place. We left Grand Rapids at 9:30 A. M., and after an hour's ride on the C. & W. M. railroad we reached this beautiful watering place. The hotel here was not open yet, so we crossed Black Lake, which is a branch of Lake Michigan, on a boat named "Lizzie Walsh" to the Macatawa side. Here a large park and numerous cottages make it a pleasant place for pleasure seekers. When crossing the lake, my attention was attracted by a cottage built on the top of a high hill, which resembled a castle built on a cliff near the ocean. On landing we passed a boat-house where boats can be procured at all hours. A few steps farther on we came to a hotel, the Macatawa, where we engaged dinner, then we took a stroll to see Lake Michigan. At a distance, where the waters of the lake seemed to kiss the sky, a blue line was discernable, but as we neared the coast it was almost invisible. The waves were stirred by a gentle breeze which gave the lake a grand appearance. After viewing the lake for some time, we wended our way through the sand back to the walk and started for the park. On reaching the entrance, which is called the "Golden Gate," (golden in name only,) we entered and made our way up a walk, which is large enough for a vehicle to pass. The park has the appearance of a wood. It is not cleared as the parks are in the East, but this makes it more picturesque. Along our way we noted many beautiful cottages, scattered here and there, also tables where persons who had a lunch with them might set the table and sit down and eat with comfort. Many of us expressed a wish to stay here during the season. There is also a place of worship in this park. After wandering for awhile we came to an opening from which we could see the lake in all it's grandeur. We then went to the hotel and after partaking of a good dinner, we went out on the pier of the light house, on both sides of which were people fishing. After some deliberation, the gentlemen of the crowd went fishing and the ladies sat on the pier and read. While we were here the "Lizzie Welsh" went out on an excursion, and as we were too far from the dock when it started we could only watch it go by. Numerous naptha launches plodded their way along the shore, but some ventured almost or entirely out of sight. About 5:45 P. M., we started back to the dock, and crossed on the boat to the Ottawa side, where the train was waiting to carry the party home. We arrived at Grand Rapids, about 7:30 P. M., having spent a very pleasant day.

JENNIE CRAVER.

Excursions to the Atlantic Coast.

On July 13th next the first of a limited summer series of seashore excursions will be run on the Pennsylvania railroad. The remarkably low rate of $10.00 for the round trip will be charged from Pittsburg, with proportionate rates from other points, and a choice of destinations will be allowed, whether Atlantic City, Cape May, Sea Isle City, or Ocean City.

These tickets will be valid for return passage for twelve days, thus affording ample time for either a limited trip or a restful fortnight by the sea. Many marked improvements have been made during the past year at these coast resorts in the way of increased facilities and means of pleasure for the visitor.

These rates apply on regular trains leaving Pittsburg at 4:30, 7:00 and 8:10 P. M., or on special train leaving at 8:50 A. M., on the above mentioned date.

The special train will be run on the following schedule, and tickets will be sold at the rates quoted:

	Rate.	Train leaves
Johnstown	$9 25	11:03 A. M.
Cresson	8 50	11:52 "
Altoona	8 00	11:55 P. M.
Philadelphia	Ar.	7:16 "

For detailed information address or apply to Thos. E. Watt, Passenger Agent, 110 Fifth avenue, Pittsburg.

Wedding Bells.

HOGUE—WILLIAMS.—Married at St. Benedict's church in Carrolltown, on Monday June 26, 1893, by Rev. Father Raymond, Calistus Hogue and Miss Annie Williams, both of Carrolltown.

DAVIS—STOUGH.—Married at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Stough, in Ebensburg on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock by Rev. Bowman, pastor of the Presbyterian church, Mr. Schuyler C. Davis and Miss Minnie Stough, both of Ebensburg.

ILLIG—CROUSE.—Married at the Church of the Holy Name in Ebensburg, on Thursday June 29, 1893, by Rev. Father Deasy, Mr. Augustin Illig, of Carroll township, and Miss Annie E. Crouse, of Ebensburg.

NELSON—DAVIS.—Married at the home of the bride in Ebensburg on Wednesday June 28, 1893, by Rev. R. S. Jones, Mr. Victor Nelson, of Johnstown and Miss Della Davis, of Ebensburg.

M'DOWELL—REED.—Married at the home of the bride in Beisano on Thursday June 29, 1893, Mr. Curtis R. McDowell and Miss Ellen M. Reed.

How to Avoid Spring Fever.

Spring fever, or that "tired" feeling, is occasioned by an excess of heat in the human body. The diet necessary to maintain animal heat during winter, is no longer necessary during the warm months of spring and summer, and a change is not only beneficial but necessary. To avoid any unpleasant results, and to keep up vitality the system should be stimulated by the use of a little pure whiskey Physicians throughout the country unite in prescribing and recommending the whiskies bottled by Max Klein on account of their purity and general excellence, and the known reliability of his Silver Age, Duquesne and Bear Creek recommend them to all. Send for catalogue of all kinds of liquors, mailed free, to

MAX KLEIN,
82 Federal street, Allegheny, Pa.

Died.

ROSS—Died at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Ross, in this place, Mary Ross, aged 18 years and 5 months. Interment in the Catholic cemetery in this place on Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned having been appointed auditor to distribute the fund in the hands of F. J. Parrish, executor of the last will and testament of David Mills, late of Cambria borough, deceased, as shown by his first and final account to and among those legally entitled thereto, I will sit at the Attorneys' Room in the Court House, Ebensburg, on SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1893, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when and where those interested may attend or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

J. F. M'KENRICK, Auditor.
June 30, 1893.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE
Estate of Anthony J. Conrad deceased.
Letters testamentary in the estate of Anthony J. Conrad, late of the township of Allegheny, in Cambria county, Pennsylvania, deceased, having been duly granted to us, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make payment to us without delay, and to all persons having claims against said estate to present them properly authenticated for payment.

ELLEN A. CONRAD,
FRANCIS L. LITTLE,
Loretto, Pa., June 30, 1893.6t. Executors.

BALTZELLS'.

ECHOES from the Great Sale yesterday spend gloomily with prospects of bad weather but did not abate the crowds. Rain or shine the masses pour in, the stream of customers is steady to take advantage of what may be the last opportunity.

Every room furnished during this sale will be a saving of from $5 to $10 easily.

Furnishing goods. We'll have on sale to-day a big lot of men's night shirts, 75c. and $1 goods, at 50c, Fine balbriggan half hose, usual 25c. goods, now two pairs for 25c. About 15 dozen of the $2 silk shirts left to go at $1.

The most marvelous streak of good value is still in the Shoe Department. Mr. Whitmore says that at least two-thirds of the whole stock will go at $2.

The goods in the basement are going as fast as they can be hauled away and you know that we have a number of extra delivery wagons at work.

The Ladies' and Children's Hosiery Department will have to sell about 200 dozen of Roy 1 stainless hose at 22c.

We unearthed a new lot of reserve stock of Ribbons yesterday. Also some beautiful fancy ribbons in the Millinery rooms.

In the near future as soon as the crowds give us a chance to arrange the stuff we will make a big offering of Woolen Goods, Blankets, Underwear, Hosiery, Flannels, etc., all suitable for the coming season.

BALTZELLS',
Altoona.

Miscellaneous Notices.

GIRLS WANTED.—Good wages will be paid for Dining Room, Kitchen and Laundry Girls. Extra wages for a good, baker. Apply to or address T. H. HEIST,
Ebensburg, Pa., June 23 3t. Maple Park.

THE Ebensburg Building & Loan Association will offer for sale at the council chamber, Ebensburg, on the fourth Monday in June, $1,000.00. THOS. DAVIS,
LESTER LARIMER, Secretary. President.

THE Stevens Rifle owned by C. A. Gray, deceased, of Hastings, will be put up for a shooting match on July 5, 1893. The gun is nickle-plated, with globe and open sights, and is 22 38 cal ibre. All marksmen are invited to attend. 16.2

IF you are wanting Books, Stationary, Booklets, Dolls, Games, Toys, Novelties, School supplies, Rubber Boots or Shoes, etc., you can have your wants supplied by a visit to C. T. Roberts' store, Ebensburg. Although an old established one, it is abreast of the times and always well filled with goods of all kinds. An exchange library has been started at this store, where for 5 and 10 cents you can rent most any book you want to read. Any book or anything else not in stock procured for you at once. Everything sold at lowest prices. Give us a call and see for yourself. You never saw such a large and elegant stock in Ebensburg.

Drunkenness or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It is manufactured as a powder, which can be given in a glass of beer, a cup of coffee or tea, or in food, without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. It never fails. The system once impregnated with the specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. Cures guaranteed. 48 page book of particulars free. Address
GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO.,
185 Race St., Cincinnati O.
aug19.1y.

B. & B.

Note These:

If interested in any of them, write us for samples and see if you don't

Save Money

on every yard you send us an order for. 100 pieces all-wool

Diagonal Cheviot Serges,

36 inches wide, in complete range of the season's best colors,

35 Cents.

You'll find the univeral fabric is 50 cents, and you'll just save the difference. 200 pieces assorted

American Wool Suitings,

Imported Bedford Cords, Taffeta Changeants, Beige Bourette Stripes, 36 and 38 inches wide—some of them all-wool—some three-fourths wool,

25 Cents,

every yard worth 40 cents, some 50 cents; this sale, price, 25 cents. 100 pieces

Finest French Satines,

best of the season's printings—light and dark colorings,

25 Cents,

regular price all season in this and other stores has been 35 cents. 100 pieces extra fine

American Satines,

25 cent quality at 15 CENTS.

Mohairs,

for traveling and street dresses. 52 inch MOHAIR BRILLIANTINES, in 4 shades of grey only,

75 Cents,

that are $1.28 qualities as usually bought and sold. 44 inch

Mohairs,

in all staple colors,

50 Cents.

That is remarkable quality and value for 50 cents.
Better see about these. They're worth looking after.

BOGGS & BUHL,
115, 117, 119 & 121 Federal St.,
ALLEGHENY, PA.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned having been appointed Auditor to distribute the fund in the hands of Paul Yahner, executor of John Baker, late of Clearfield township, deceased, as shown by his first and final account, to those legally entitled thereto, will sit at the Attorneys' Room in Court House, Ebensburg on FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1893, at 10 o'clock, P. M., when and where those interested may attend or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

H. H. MYERS, Auditor.
June 16, 1893.

A. C. FISHER,
Painter and Paper Hanger,
PATTON, PA.

The undersigned is now located in Patton and is prepared to do Painting in all its branches. House Painting, Sign Painting, Graining and Paper Hanging a specialty. Satisfaction guaranteed. A. C. FISHER.
ma19.9t

CANCER and Tumors CURED: no knife. Book free. Drs. GRATIGNY & Ising, No. 165 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.

ATTENTION!

WE ARE

THE PEOPLE!

We are convinced that our prices and goods are right. Since we became Simon & Co.'s successors our daily sales up to date have increased just 40 per cent., and we still continue to sell at the same small profit figures. In Clothing you can be suited in a Suit for yourself, your boy or boys in higher quality than price. In Spring and Summer Styles we are stocked up to overflowing. We feel confident that if you come to us you will go away better pleased than ever before, as this is our motto:

Please and Satisfy Everybody.

Why do you get your Shirts made when you can get them to fit you at such a remarkably low price and goods to suit the most particular.

We have Shirts from 25 cents up to $2.98.
Men's Fedora Hats in every shade, color and style that you want for $1.48.
Also a very fine line of the latest and most fashionable Stiff Hats from 50 cents up.

FURNITURE.

Below we will quote a few prices. Then you can judge for yourself.

1 set good yellow chairs	$ 3.00
1 set good dark Chairs	2.50
1 set good dark Chairs	3.00
1 set cane seat Chairs in dark	4.98
1 set cane seat Chairs in dark	5.50
1 set cane seat Chairs in dark	8.00
1 set cane seat Chairs, Mahogany	6.24
1 Oak Rocker with arm	1.75
1 Dark Rocker with arm	1.69
1 Oak cane seat, fancy arm	2.85
1 dark cane seat, fancy	2.75
1 light, very fancy arm	2.98
Child's Rockers, 50c., 65c., 75c. and	1.00
Perforation Chairs and Rockers in all styles and prices.	
1 full 8-piece Mahogany or Walnut Bed-room Suite	24.00
1 full 8-piece Oak Bed-room Suit	27.00
Sideboards, Cupboards and Sinks a specialty.	

Oil Cloth & Carpets.

We are stocked in Oil Cloth and Carpets. It will save you money to buy of us as in buying our stock early and in large quantities we saved money.

Floor Oil Cloth from 25 cents to 48 cents per square yard.
Ingrain Carpet, one yard wide, at 30, 40, 48 and 60 cents.
Stair Carpet from 23 cents up to 50 cents per yard.

SHOES! SHOES!

If you wish to get a good and substantial Shoe call on us. You will surely find something that will suit you.

Ladies' dongola plain tip and spring heel, button	$1.25 to $2.00
Ladies' dongola, opera and common sense, button, heel	$1.25 to 1.50
Ladies' extra fine tipped Blucher	2.50
Ladies' russet, tipped, button	2.00
Ladies' fine pebbled buttoned; also, Misses' and Children's patent leather tipped	$1.10, $1.25, 1.30
Ladies' fine surge, button or lace	1.28
Ladies' tipped and common sense Oxfords	$1.00 and 1.25
Children's tipped Oxfords	.50
Children's russet and dongola spring heel	$1.00 and 1.10
Infants' shoes from 22 cents up.	
Men's lace and congress shoes	1.25
Men's satin calf, lace or congress	2.00
Men's B calf, lace or congress	1.75
Men's tipped Blucher, extra fine	2.50
Men's fine hand-sewed, lace or congress	3.00
Men's Grecian calf, lace or congress	2.00
Men's fine Kangaroo tipped, lace or congress	3.00
Men's extra fine gossamere calf, lace or congress	1.75
Men's grain plow shoes, buckled, Ballist tongue	1.35
Mens working shoes you can get from us from 90 cents to	1.25

DRY GOODS.

Ladies, here is the place to get your dry goods.
Curtains from 75 cents $5.00 per pair.
Ladies' percale waists, light or dark, 50 cents.
Ladies' batost waists, figured and striped, with ruffled front at 74c.
White waists, all kinds of material, the latest and most fashionable styles, from 69 cents to $2.48.
Dress ginghams for 8 cents per yard and up.
Apron ginghams from 4½ to 10 cents.
Muslin in bleached or unbleached from 4½ to 10 cents.
In Calico we are stocked full of the finest, newest and most desirable in the market, at from 3 to 14 cents.
Ladies' skirt embroidery, 40 inches wide, for 48 cents and up.
Flouncing embroidery from 35 cents to 81 per yard.
A complete line of trimmings of all sorts and dresses in all styles on our shelves and counters.
Call and see them. You can't help but buy, as the bargains we are offering in the ladies line are something that you can't grasp every day.

We challenge any one to equal the intrinsic value as well as the variety and extent of our bargain offering this season. Don't wait but come at once to

Yours Respectfully,

ORTH & CO.,
THE LEADERS,
GALLITZIN, PENNA.

N. B.—It may be of interest to you to say we are still deep in the grocery business. It will surprise you to see the way we are selling goods in this department of our mammoth store. Some merchants say "I wonder where they can get goods to sell at those figures, as we can't buy them wholesale at the prices they are retailing for." Here is the secret: We know where the goods grow—that is why we sell so low. And when you come to town,

Look for the Red Flag--That is the Place.

JOHN PFISTER,
DEALER IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
Hardware, Queensware,
MADE-UP CLOTHING,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
VEGETABLES IN SEASON,
HARNESS, ETC.,
OPPOSITE JUNCTION HOTEL,
CRESSON, PA.
ma92 20ly

Election Notice.

IN pursuance of a resolution of the Board of Directors of the school district of the borough of Ebensburg, approved May 25, 1893, notice is hereby given that an election will be held at the usual places for holding municipal and general elections in the East and West wards of Ebensburg borough on

FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1893,

the polls to open at 7 o'clock, A. M., on said day and close at 7 o'clock, P. M., on said day, for the purpose of determining whether an indebtedness by said district shall be incurred to an amount not exceeding four per centum of the assessed valuation of the taxable property therein.

Statement as Required by the Act of Assembly, Approved April 20, 1874:

Amount of last assessed valuation	$416,794 00
Amount of existing debt	None.
Amount of proposed debt	$ 13,500 00
Percenta. e of proposed debt	.032 plus

The purpose of the proposed indebtedness to be applied to the payment on the contracts for erecting and completing a public school building in said district.

Tickets voted to be labelled on the outside "Increase of Debt," and to contain on the inside the words "No Increase of Debt" or "Debt May Be Increased."

At est: R. R. DAVIS. S. W. DAVIS,
Secretary. President.
Ebensburg, Pa., May 25, 1893.4t.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:
All persons having claims against the estate of Jeremiah Noonan, late of Munster township, Cambria county deceased, or against the estate of Eliza Noonan, late of said township, deceased, are requested to present their claims properly probated to me by May 25th, 1895.

M. D. KITTELL.
Ebensburg, Pa., March 31, 1893.

PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned will set at Private Sale in Lily borough, Cambria county, Pa., his Hotel, with Brewery attached; Two Ice Houses, Stable, and all necessary Outbuildings on the premises The House is licensed now. For further particulars call on or address the proprietor, THEODORE SELL,
Lily, Pa., Oct 24, 1892.

S. L. REED. MATTHOT READE.
REED & READE,
Attorneys at Law,
EBENSBURG, - - - PENNA.
Office on Centre street. [4 28 93

M. D. KITTELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office in Armory Building, opp. Court House.

T. W. DICK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
EBENSBURG, PENN'A
Special attention to given claims for Pension Bounty, etc. ebt7-'90

J. F. McKENRICK,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
EBENSBURG, - PA
Office on Centre street.

DONALD E. DUFTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENNA.
Office in Opera House, Center street.

H. H. MYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office in Collopade Row, on Centre street.

BONANZA to AGENTS SAMPLES FREE Both sexes. Write now GEO. A. SCOTT, New York City

EBENSBURG
Marble and Granite Works,
J. WILKINSON & SON, PROPRIETORS,
—DEALERS IN—
Monuments, Headstones, Vaults and Sarcophagis, Marble and Marbleized Slate Mantels, Cemetery Fenc

INDIAN FREEMASONRY.

A Secret Society Existing in the Cherokee Nation.

An Ancient Order That Has for Its Object the Preservation of Tribal Legends and Traditions.

Not many persons are aware that there exists among the Cherokees a secret society that is hundreds of years old, as old, in fact, as the tribe itself, and is today stronger than it ever was, at least in numbers. This society is called the Ketoowah, which, literally translated, means elder brother. The St. Louis Post-Dispatch says it is a sort of Indian freemasonry and has its laws and rules of order as well as its officers and secret signs. So well are its secrets and its doings guarded that there are hundreds of people living in the Cherokee nation, and who have lived there for years, who are not even aware of the existence of a society every member of which is sworn to assist in the defense of their homes from the invasion of the pale-faced brother either by squatter sovereignty or by squawmen privileges. Only full-bloods are eligible to membership, but so jealously is the Ketoowah watched that what else is necessary for membership is not known outside of the order. The society now has a membership of about a thousand full-bloods, each the head of a family, and thus the organization represents about five thousand persons. Formerly the Ketoowah only comprised the chiefs and some few of the older men of the tribe. Then it was all-powerful and exercised full control over all tribal affairs; its mandate once issued was never questioned even by the most powerful chief. It dictated treaties, proclaimed war or peace, settled disputes and guided the welfare of the tribe in all matters, spiritual and temporal. Such was the Ketoowah until within the past fifty years. When the white man's government was formed and the affairs of the people were taken from the hands of the few and administered by men elected by the people and the Indians saw their power and their birthright steadily passing away, their customs and language receding before the march of civilization, they realized that unless something was done to counteract these influences the Cherokee would soon pass from the face of the earth. To prevent this became at once the object of the Ketoowah, and it was so enlarged as to include the heads of all full-blood families, so that from a privy council it became a powerful oath-bound organization.

No Cherokee whose blood has been tainted can become a member, and it is said that the penalty for disclosing the simplest secret is death. The chief aim of the Ketoowah at the present day is to perpetuate the legends, customs and language of the Cherokees. The existence of this society accounts for something that has often puzzled inquiring persons who have found that it is very rarely that a full-blood Cherokee does not both read and write his own tongue fluently. They all have a classical Cherokee education, and as their language is not taught in the public schools, and they have no schools of their own, when and where they learned to write it was a mystery. Every Ketoowah is bound to teach it to his children, and there exists a pride among them so strong that the full-blood who has not acquired these accomplishments is in continual disgrace and is made to feel his ignorance most keenly and continually. Among its members are some of the ablest of the Cherokees, Indians who have acquired thorough English educations and who are lawyers, ministers and born leaders. It is natural to suppose that these are the leaders, but this is not known. Certain it is, the society exerts a powerful influence in the government by casting its entire vote as a man for or against certain measures. It is never heard of in politics, and yet it has often been noticed that at an election the full-bloods are sure to support the same ticket. There is no way for a candidate to approach the society to secure its support, for he does not know who its members are. They select their ticket and vote for it and there are no buttons. The members have a sign language by which they can converse intelligently among themselves wholly unobserved and employ this means of communication when others are near. Through the medium of their national paper, one-half of which is printed in Cherokee and is sent free to all citizens who do not read English, the full-blood is thoroughly posted upon all public matters and in fact much more conversant with affairs of state than his half-blood brother.

FULL FREEDOM OF DEBATE.

Legislators in New South Wales Not Hampered by Parliamentary Usage.

The "lively scenes" which occasionally break the monotony of proceedings in the house of commons are very dull, insipid affairs, says the London Truth, in comparison with those constantly enacted in the legislative assembly of New South Wales. In a recent issue of a Sidney paper there is a report of a debate in which the premier (Sir George Dibbs) twice interrupted a member with the remark that he was "a liar!" Sir George was accused of a disgraceful act of nepotism in giving an appointment to his nephew. His polite contradiction was: "You are a bigger liar than the man who told you," and it was only after being pressed by the chairman that he withdrew it. The postmaster general (Mr. Kidd) was charged with conferring his office worth £250 a year on his partner in business. He did not deny the soft impeachment, but told the member who raised the matter that if he "were half as honest" as the partner in question "it would be a good job." Called upon to withdraw, Mr. Kidd said: "I admit that he is half as honest."

TOBACCO-LOVING ANIMALS.

Curious Effects of the Smoke on Various Quadrupeds.

In the Berlin zoological gardens, Prof. Baul Meyerheim, a painter of animal life, has been trying the effects of the fragrant weed on various denizens of the gardens, with results as novel as they are undoubtedly amusing. Chief among the subjects of his experiments was the brown bear. He declares, according to Pearson's Weekly, that the "common brown bears" are genuine enthusiasts for tobacco.

"When I puff my cigar smoke into their cage," he remarks, "they rush to the front, rubbing their noses and backs against the bars through which the smoke has penetrated."

The professor, with some temerity, once experimented on the lion. The creature was asleep, and this was the moment selected for puffing a volume of tobacco smoke in his face. Did he at once wake up with a savage growl, lash his tail, and, springing at the bar, shake the massive iron?

Not at all. He awoke and "stood on his legs," which seems a natural-enough attitude to adopt, and "sneezed powerfully." Then he quietly lay down on his side and "elevated his nose for a second dose." It may be news to some to hear that goats, stags and llamas all devour tobacco and cigars with remarkable satisfaction.

COL. C. W. DEAN.

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A PERILOUS TRIP.

On Foot Through Tartary, Turkestan Siberia to St. Petersburg.

It may be safely asserted that not one of his Episcopal brethren has ever performed such a feat as formed an episode in the early life of the newly-appointed bishop of Norwich, says the St. James' Gazette. After serving a couple of years as curate under Dr. Hook at Leeds, Mr. Sheepshanks went out to British Columbia in 1859, when that colony was a far wilder and more isolated country than now. He did eight years of rough work, and then determined to come home for a holiday, at all events, electing to travel via Japan and China, in those days a by no means familiar route. For months he disappeared entirely from mortal ken, and his family began to entertain serious misgivings as to his fate.

One evening a young Cambridge man, afterwards head-master of a well-known grammar-school, but tutor for the nonce to a Russian prince, was smoking a cigarette in his rooms in St. Petersburg, when his servant announced that a moujik wanted to see him very urgently. The unknown visitor was shown up and appeared in the well-worn garb from which Brian O'Lynn derived his simple but practical sartorial notions. To his host's utter bewilderment this uncouth being addressed him in refined English, and presently explained that he was a brother Cantab desirous of securing his good offices. The man, in short, was Rev. John Sheepshanks, who, having landed some six months before near the mouth of the Amoor river, had made his way alone and on foot through Tartary, Turkestan and Siberia to the banks of the Neva.

OUT IN THE COLD.

Kept Warm by Love Alone, and Not Any Too Warm Either.

The steps leading to the platform of a railway car are not supposed to be a very pleasant place for a society young lady and gentleman to ride for any considerable distance, especially when the train is running at the rate of forty miles an hour on a cold, dark night.

But this is what recently happened to such a couple all the way from Ballston to Saratoga, says the Albany Evening Journal, and the probable outcome of the incident will be an after-Easter marriage in high life.

The couple in question had gone to Ballston to take tea with a mutual friend, and to return by the nine p. m. train. Being a little late in reaching the depot, and finding the train under motion, by desperate effort the young woman gained the steps to the rear platform of the last car, and the young man followed her.

The train was now moving at rapid speed, and the young couple, carefully clinging to the railing, started to ascend the platform and seek safety and more comfort on the inside of the car. But they soon discovered that they were on the steps of a vestibule sleeping car, and that the door opening into the vestibule was locked.

A seven miles' ride in this uncomfortable position was the necessity which stared them in the face. They had to stand up all the way and to hold closely to each other and to the railing or the jolting of the train might have thrown them off.

STORES ON SHIPBOARD.

Passengers Will Soon Be Able to Get What They Need in Midocean.

The steamship men are talking of adopting another wrinkle. "It is a capital idea," said the originator, who according to the New York Evening World, manages one of the biggest lines running between the Mersey and New York.

"It is our intention to establish a counter on every one of our ships. The department will be in charge of a land-man and an assistant, the latter a petty officer on board. It will be necessary to select a landsman, because sailor men know very little about notion counters.

"Everything to be found in a first-class dry goods store will be put on sale at this counter; everything I say, with the possible exception of the latest fangle in bonnets and trunks.

"We'll run a full line and sell as good and as cheap as any firm on shore. The time has gone by when passengers have to be inconvenienced through an oversight in having forgotten to pack away shoe buttoners, a particular kind of glove, a hair brush, a hand glass or any other article that makes human nature kind and good.

"No, we won't have any special sales, but we'll have silks and ginghams in abundance, that the ladies may have a chance to while away the monotony of the voyage. It's a big scheme, and it will be a great boon to our patrons when it is fully established."

EUROPE'S CURIOSITIES.

In the Bay of Fundy the tide rises 120 feet. A ship struck and remained on a rock there after dark, and at daybreak the crew were astonished to find themselves looking down a precipice into water far below.

The Adersbach rocks, in Bohemia, cover some fifteen square miles. They are formed of sandstone, and are interspersed with a perfect maze of passages shut in by smooth walls of such similarity that to keep one's bearing is no easy matter.

Near Liskeard, in Cornwell, is a strange natural phenomenon. A pile of rock 32 feet high, shaped like a top, is balanced on the smaller end. It is quite immovable, though apparently a very slight effort would upset its equilibrium.

The Eagle's Nest is a celebrated rock 1,200 feet in height, among the Killarney lakes. It is noted for the extraordinary effect of its echoes, and the slightest whisper will be repeated a thousand times, clear and distinct, from the various projecting points of the cliff.

ENGLAND'S DOMAINS.

Of 1,000 deaths in Europe, sixteen are by violence, in the United States forty-one.

Every first-class London theater has to take (in round figures) $150,000 a year before it pays.

Two-thirds of the total number of children under ten years of age in the United Kingdom are insured in one form or another.

The Dominion of Canada has an area of 3,457,000 square miles and comprises one-sixteenth of the land surface of the globe. It is the largest of all the British possessions. Australia, the next in size, containing 2,944,628 square miles.

The recent statement of the amount of unclaimed funds standing to various accounts at the British pay office brings out the fact that the national debt has been reduced by some $60,000,000 in the present century through the use of unclaimed money from various sources.

Mustache and Goatee.

At a period after the Moorish invasion, when the Christian and Moslem population became so mixed that it was hard to say which were Moors and which Spaniards, the pious Spaniards hit upon the mustache as a means of identification. They permitted the hair on the upper lip to grow, and also a tuft on the under lip, an outline of the cross being thus formed. Thus, say the Parisians, the mustache becomes a symbol of liberty, equality and fraternity.

"A HAND SAW IS A GOOD THING, BUT NOT TO SHAVE WITH."

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is the best that is made, and at ONCE tries it, and saves money and secures more satisfaction than ever before. AVOID imitations. Insist on having the genuine. If your dealer hasn't it ask him to get it for you.

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CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills makes a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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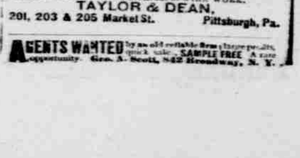

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Much More Valuable Than the Bullocks Which Have Hitherto Been Employed.

Although the camel proved unsatisfactory for use as a beast of burden in the mining regions of Nevada and Arizona, the animal is coming into favor and profitable use in mining countries in other parts of the world. It seems probable to the Mining Industry that in South Africa the camel will take the place of the horse for most uses, as the camel is not injured by the insects which prove fatal to the horse and the bullocks, nor is it attacked by the diseases that destroy other beasts of burden. The Germans are already making great use of the camels in southwest Africa. They are found to be very valuable for making long journeys into arid interior regions of the country, as they are able to travel a whole week without water or food. In Australia the camel is fast taking the place of bullocks for use in the barren interior regions. It is stated that there are already opened up and in regular work in Australia five lines of camel traffic, and that on these lines over two thousand camels are in daily use. Camels are found to be so useful that the number employed will be increased as rapidly as possible. With bullock teams only about ten miles a day can be made, but it is found that the camel will travel eighty-four miles in eighteen hours, carrying a load of three hundred pounds. In the interior of Australia are over one million square miles of almost unknown desert, and it is on the great inland plains that it is intended to utilize the camel trains, as by their use the various oases of civilization may be more directly connected than by the old bullock routes. On the arid plains and among the mud flats and brackish lakes the camel finds plenty of coarse grass and thorny shrubs on which to subsist. It is claimed that work can be found in Australia for one million camels.

SPOILED BY A CORPSE.

How a French Peasant Failed to Enjoy the Carnival.

Mardi Gras was spent in woeful fashion by a peasant who had come up from a village near Melun to Paris for a day to witness carnival merrymaking on the boulevard, says the London Telegraph. He was lunching in a wine shop and recruiting his strength with a view to a whole afternoon of sightseeing, when a workman entered the restaurant where he was seated and asked to be conducted to a hospital, as he had suddenly been taken ill.

At the landlord's suggestion the peasant generously offered the sick man a place in the cab he had hired, with the intention of seeing the fete as thoroughly and comfortably as possible. His errand of mercy would, he thought, take him at most half an hour, but during the journey the workman became worse and died. At the hospital the unlucky peasant was kept waiting an hour, and finally told that it was impossible to take in a corpse. He drove on with his lugubrious charge to the nearest police station. Here he again met with refusal, and was dispatched off to the police commissariat of the Belleville quarter.

It was six o'clock before the unfortunate countryman could get rid of his melancholy burden, and he had then just time enough left to get to his train at the Lyons railway station. He had not as much as caught a glimpse of the masks and confetti he had come all the way from his native village to see.

OUR FORESTS.

Statistics Disprove the Rumors That They Are Disappearing.

According to some facts and figures presented by Henry Gannett in a recent issue in the New York Sun there is to-day nearly if not quite as great an area of woodland in the United States as when the white man set foot on our shore. There are not so many square miles of merchantable timber now as then, but the territory occupied by growing trees is about as extensive as it was four hundred years ago, and these trees will in time grow to a size suitable for the production of lumber. Some of Mr. Gannett's statements are quite inconsistent with the general belief that American forests are giving out. He says, for instance, that only about two hundred and seventy thousand square miles, or less than one-tenth the area of the country, is artificially cleared land, while to offset this loss there has in recent years been great extension of wooded land in the prairie states as well as in some of the natural tree-growing states. A table is published showing the total area and the wooded area of each state, the figures having been obtained from reports of the census and agricultural departments, from official surveys and in a few cases from careful estimates. As a grand result it is shown that the wooded area in the United States, excluding Alaska, is nearly one million one hundred and thirteen thousand square miles.

HALF FARE FOR PREACHERS.

Western Railroads Are Glad to Encourage Humanizing Gentlemen of the Cloth.

"We are only too glad to give the preachers a half-rate," remarked a western railroad official to a St. Louis Chronicle reporter. "The eastern roads don't do it, but every road in the west does. No consideration of sentiment prompts us to it, either, I can assure you. It is strictly in the line of business. We have found out that where there are the most preachers there are also the most people of industry and productive thrift. There are vast stretches of waste places in the west, which, when built up by the kind of people who encourage the growth of a wholesome religious sentiment, will add immeasurably to our revenue. For that reason I had rather give a pass to the humblest preacher than a half-rate to the superb Ingersoll. I have noticed that as the preacher has pushed his way westward the frontier has receded, until now there is none of it left. He is now taking the byways and the paths and the wilderness is disappearing and the barren prairies are blossoming with crops. So you see that, from a business standpoint, it pays us to encourage him to travel about by allowing him a half-rate fare. It is different with the eastern roads. All of their territory is developed to its fullest capacity, and they can't hope for increased productiveness through the preacher's ministrations. Therefore, they treat him like all other passengers, and don't give him a half rate."

What Tennyson Owed to Rogers.

The Boston Commonwealth claims to have undoubted authority for the following story: On the death of Wadsworth the laureateship was offered to Samuel Rogers in an autograph note by Prince Albert. The venerable poet, then 87 years old, declined the offer after serious consideration, and, having been requested to name a person to fill the office, he recommended Tennyson. The prime minister replied that the government was "not acquainted" with Mr. Tennyson, and asked if Mr. Rogers were quite sure that there was nothing in his poetry which might be out of place in a poet laureate chosen by a woman. Mr. Rogers satisfied the government on this point, and Tennyson was appointed.

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DISCARDED BY THREE STATES.

The Original No Man's Land Lay Between Maryland and Delaware.

When one speaks to you of No Man's land, don't be so sure that he means to refer you to that strip of sand prairie at the far end of the Indian territory, otherwise "the Panhandle." The original No Man's land is a little tongue of real estate extending a few miles south of the Mason and Dixon line, between the states of Maryland and Delaware. Occasionally some one starts the story that the above-mentioned tract is, properly speaking, a part of no state—that it is a scrap or left-over piece of the United States where no one owns the land upon which he resides. On the maps the land is usually accredited to the state of Pennsylvania, but high legal authority says that the claim is very vague and shadowy. This triangular bit of territory was marked off in a curious manner, as related by the Philadelphia Press. The eastern boundary of Maryland was early determined, but the southern boundary of Pennsylvania was long a matter of dispute. Finally Mason and Dixon began their survey, starting at the eastern boundary of Maryland, proceeding westward. At the same time the northern boundary of Delaware was declared to be a semicircle, the center of which was New Castle. In surveying this semicircle it was found that the circumference did not touch the boundary of Maryland at its junction with the Pennsylvania line. Thus this three-cornered bit of land was actually left over, discarded by three states and finally attached to Pennsylvania for judicial purposes.

OLD DAYS IN WALL STREET.

Terms That Were Familiar to the Men on 'Change Fifty Years Ago.

An old Wall street man, long since retired, speaking of the numerous changes in the manners and customs of the stock exchange, according to the New York Tribune, said to the writer: "The lambs that we have in the street in these days were called flunkies when I was on 'change, some forty or fifty years ago. A flunky we regarded as a man who, deceived by appearances, went into the market without any knowledge of it and generally lost all he had.

"We have had bulls and bears ever since I can remember, but the familiar terms bull-backers and bear-traps I have not heard in a good many years. They were the moneyed men, the big speculators who combined with each other for the purpose of cornering the market; men such as Keene and Gould, Drew, Commodore Vanderbilt and Jacob Little. In those days the brokers used to play lovingly amuse themselves for the purpose of keeping up appearances. When they had no customers on whom to practice they would make large transactions, which, by mutual understanding, were not to be fulfilled, and when the game was out the securities were thrown back on the market. These transactions, often published in the commercial newspaper, went forth to the world as the evidences of value and the condition of the money market to deceive the unwary. The present management of the stock market renders such transactions impossible. Besides, the papers of to-day would refuse to publish them."

SOME ANCIENT MESSAGES.

Records of Canaanite Appeals for Help Against the Invading Israelites.

The contents of that wonderful treasury of antique records discovered in 1887 by a peasant woman near the ruins of the ancient Arsinoe in upper Egypt have now been laid before the public in Maj. Conder's work on the Tel Amarna tablets, comprising a translation of the text, with introduction and notes. Inscribed on clay tablets, subsequently baked into brick, and written in Aramaic, the ancient language of Syria, in cuneiform characters, we have here, says the London Tablet, nothing less than a series of dispatches sent to the Egyptian foreign office about 1480 B. C. from the protected of tributary kings of Canaan imploring assistance against various invasions. The most interesting are the letters from the king of Jerusalem and other chiefs of southern Palestine, for in them we can trace the dismay and alarm created by the advance of Joshua and the Hebrews, called "Abiri," and "People of the Desert." A very striking passage occurs in one of the dispatches of the fugitive monarch, apparently